

STORIES AND RHYMES FOR A CHILD



CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Marion

Marion Speth.



The Child Abroad

Stories and Rhymes

For a Child

BY
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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MY WORLD

The world is such a happy place for any child to be,
With pleasant things to sing about and pleasant things to
see;

And other little children near and pleasant road to go,
And many wondrous happenings which only children
know.

The world is full of apple trees, and higher walls to climb,
And buttercups and meadows sweet through all the sum-
mer time,

And singing brooks where cowslips grow and children
wade and fish,

And down the lane are blackberries as large as you may
wish.

The world is full of palaces, and princesses, and elves,
When little children sit alone, and whisper to themselves.
The world is full of blocks, and dolls, and toys a rainy day,
And other children everywhere who always want to play.

The world is full of lullabies, and loves for little heads,
And mother-dears to sit beside the sleepy trundle beds,
And pleasant dreams to run among as far as you can see.
The world is such a pleasant place for any child to be.

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- THE CHILD ABROAD -

BILLY BOY'S GARDEN

ONE fine spring morning when the green grass-blades were standing stiff and straight on the lawn and the dandelions were bobbing their yellow heads about, Billy boy said:

"Oh, mother dear, you have a beautiful garden with rose-bushes, and tulips, and crocuses, and all lovely things in it. And the farmer across the road has harnessed his horses to his plough. I wish I could have a little garden all my very, very own."

Then mother dear, who had on her garden hat and her garden gloves and was clipping rose-bushes with her big shears, said:

"Here are some beans, and here is a paper of marigold seed, Billy boy. You may have the sunny, south corner by the fence for your very, very own little garden, but be sure you take good care of it, like a real gardener."

So Billy boy put on his blue jean overalls, and took his beans and his marigold seed, and started down the path to make a garden.

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As he went, he saw a garden rake lying by the side of the path, and—was it not strange?—the rake stood up, and said in a thin, scrapy voice:

“Where are you going so early in the morning, Billy boy?”

“To the sunny, south corner by the fence,” said Billy boy, “to make a little garden.”

“May I go with you, Billy boy?” asked the rake.

“Can you do anything to help me?” asked Billy boy.

“I can clear away the sticks, the stones, and the brush,” said the rake.

“Then you may come, too,” said Billy boy.

So Billy boy, and the beans, and the marigold seed, and the rake, went on together until they nearly tumbled over a little spade, which stood in the path directly in front of them.

“Where are you going, Billy boy?” asked the spade in a deep, gruff voice.

“To the sunny, south corner by the fence to make a little garden,” said Billy boy.

“May I go with you, Billy boy?” asked the spade.

“Can you do anything to help me?” asked Billy boy.

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"I can dig the earth and make holes for your beans and your marigold seed," said the spade.

"Then you may come, too," said Billy boy.

So Billy boy and the beans and the marigold seed and the rake and the spade went on together until they came, all of a sudden, upon a little hoe leaning up against an apple tree by the edge of the path.

"Where are you going, Billy boy?" asked the hoe in a common, ordinary voice.

"To the sunny, south corner by the fence," said Billy boy, "to make a little garden."

"May I go, too?" asked the hoe.

"Can you do anything to help?" asked Billy boy.

"I can keep the weeds from choking your beans and your marigolds," said the hoe.

"Then you may come, too," said Billy boy.

So Billy boy and the beans and the marigold seed, and the rake, the spade, and the hoe went on together until they nearly stepped upon a fat, green toad, who sat winking and blinking in the path.

"Where are you going, Billy boy?" asked the fat, green toad in a thick, rough voice.

"To the sunny, south corner by the fence to make a little garden," said Billy boy.

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"May I go with you, Billy boy?" asked the toad.

"Can you do anything to help?" asked Billy boy.

"I can catch the creeping, crawling bugs that would eat your beans and your marigolds," said the fat, green toad, "and I can watch the garden at night."

"Then you may come, too," said Billy boy.

So Billy boy and the beans and the marigold seed, the rake, the spade, and the hoe went on together, and the fat, green toad hopped along beside until they came to the sunny south corner by the fence.

Then the rake cleared away the sticks, the stones, and the brush. The spade dug the earth and made holes for the beans and the marigold seed. The rain watered the garden and the sunshine warmed it. The hoe kept away the weeds. The fat, green toad ate all the creeping, crawling bugs and kept watch at night. And Billy boy had a little garden, all his very, very own.

THE USEFUL LITTLE WORM

THERE was once a little creeping, crawling, gray worm that lived in the king's garden, and he was very ugly and unpleasant to look at.

Now the garden was full of all sorts of beautiful things, as a king's garden should be—red roses, and wonderful plumaged birds, and gaudy butterflies. The birds and the butterflies often stopped in the tree where the creeping, crawling gray worm lived, and one day they spied him lying on the end of a twig and nibbling a green leaf.

“What a very ugly creature you are!” fluttered the butterflies.

The little worm had been quite happy before, for the sun was warming his wrinkled back, and the green leaf he was eating was nice and juicy. But when the butterflies spoke to him, he dropped his little round button head, and he began to feel most sorrowful.

“Indeed, such a queer, creeping, crawling

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thing as you should never be allowed to eat leaves in this garden," twittered the birds. "This is the garden of the king. Did you not know it?" The creeping, crawling worm lifted his round button head just a very little bit, and he looked around. There were the great garden beds and the red roses. There were the fountains with silver water spouting up, and it was all very lovely. Yes, it was a king's garden.

Then the little worm looked back at himself, and he saw that he was very ugly, and he began to be very much ashamed. He wanted to crawl away and hide himself somewhere, but he couldn't seem to do that. So he began spinning, and he spun and spun until he had made a gray blanket, and he covered himself all over with it, so that his ugliness didn't show at all.

Just then something dreadful happened in the palace. The hangings of the king's throne wore quite to shreds. They were made of a most wonderful cloth, very hard to replace, so the king's weavers were called together and sent to search the kingdom for soft, silk thread to make new hangings.

One weaver went north, and one went to the sunrise to find it, and one was sure there must be the right kind of thread in the west at the end

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of the rainbow. But one of the weavers went out to the king's garden and sat down under a tree to try and decide which way to go. As he sat there he looked up, and he saw a queer gray ball fastened on a twig above his head. He stood up and felt of it.

"Silk!" he cried. "Silk!" and he called the king. It was quite true. A wonderful thing happened. The creeping, ugly little worm's gray blanket was woven into beautiful silk, and other worms' blankets were found till there was enough silk for hangings for the king's throne. So of all the things in the king's garden the little worm had been of the most use.

THE GARDEN

Through springtime and summer, 'way on to
the autumn,

I played in the garden each day.
The garden is full of a great many treasures,
I know they grow just for my play.

The nodding white lilac was my little cottage,
Away underneath did I creep;
The hollyhock candles were light in the darkness
To rock my squash dollie to sleep.

I made me a pantry of shiny, white pebbles,
And filled it with quaint little seeds,
And sour grass and mud pies and pretty green
apples,
All ready for tea-party needs.

Sometimes in the darkness a terrible giant
Came prowling so stealthy and slow.
I locked the door tight till his footsteps grew
fainter—
'Twas only Amanda, I know.

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I wish I might live all the year in the lilacs,
I'm sorry the autumn must bring
The cold—but I hope that the garden lies
dreaming
The plays we'll be playing next spring.

THE BOWL OF PORRIDGE

THERE was once a little boy who had a bowl of porridge for his supper. It was the most delicious porridge you ever ate. There had been a tiny yellow seed deep down in the ground. Then the seed had burst its coat and pushed up two green seed leaves toward the yellow sun. The sun warmed the seed leaves, and presently there came a long ear of corn with a green coat and a yellow tassel cap. The miller ground the ear of corn into yellow flour, and then the little boy's mother mixed and stirred some fine porridge, and put it all steaming and hot and covered with milk and sugar in the little boy's best china bowl.

"Here is your supper, dear," said the little boy's mother. "You may go out and sit on your little stool and eat your supper in the garden before you go to bed."

So the little boy went out and sat down in the garden, and began to eat his porridge fast because he was very hungry.

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But as he was eating, along came the little boy's little red hen.

"Cluck, cluck," said the little red hen, "I am hungry, too."

Now you know the little boy was very hungry himself, but he put a spoonful of porridge on the ground and the little red hen ate it.

Then along came the little boy's gray tabby cat.

"Mew, mew," said the tabby cat. "I am hungry, too."

So the little boy set down his bowl of porridge and let the tabby cat lap up some of the milk. And by the time the tabby cat had finished there was very little milk left.

Then along came the little boy's black dog, Fido. Now, Fido had run and played, and fetched, and carried for the little boy all day, so, of course, he had to have some porridge, too. The little boy fed Fido from his spoon—very large spoonfuls indeed—but by the time he had finished there was very little porridge left for himself.

"Why, where's my porridge gone?" said the little boy.

But all at once the bowl seemed very full of supper again. Perhaps the little boy's mother

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came up softly and filled it—but he did not see her. And it did not taste like porridge this time, even very good porridge. It tasted like taffy and lollipops, and chocolate cake, and vanilla ice cream, and cream puffs, and all the other delicious things that a child never is allowed to eat at tea. So the little boy sat out in the garden and had a very good supper, indeed.

THE SUN'S JOURNEY

The sun is up so very long before a body's out,
He hurries through the dusk and dew
And garden paths about.

A little child may peep at him while lying still
in bed,
And watch behind the nursery blind
His bobbing, yellow head.

From morn to noon and afternoon
He paces slowly round,
And warms the trees and all he sees,
And dries the dewy ground.
Sometimes he sits beside the door—
Sometimes upon the wall.
He stops and pats the tabby cats
And has a smile for all.

But when the day is near its end
And children nod and yawn,
With steps as far as giants' are
He strides across the lawn.

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Beyond the fields he goes until, where meadows
end, you spy
A half his head and then, instead, one winking,
sleepy eye.

THE STORY OF THE SILVER SPIDER

IN the prettiest corner of a very pretty garden, there lived, once on a time, a pretty silver spider. She wore a silver dress all covered with jet, and she had silver legs for walking, and silver hands for spinning, and a large, fine pocket with a ball of web stuff inside, all silver, too, like the rest of her.

And one morning in June when the grass was so tall and green that it seemed like a forest above the spider's head, and the sun was shining so brightly that it made everything in the world glitter, the silver spider said to her very small self: "I think I will spin me a house."

So she fastened one end of her ball of web stuff to a tall pink clover, and she ran with the other end to a tall yellow buttercup, and then she went back to the clover again, and over to a grass-blade.

"Now, I must make my windows," said she.

So she crossed over and under the silver threads until she had made a number of pretty

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windows to look out from and see how pleasant the world was.

"What a very fine house," said the silver spider, going off a little way to look at it. "I think I will live in it all my life long," but, ah, just then it began to rain, very hard.

Patter, patter, came down the drops of rain. They bent the pink clover, and they drenched the yellow buttercup. They filled the earth with water, and the silver spider had to run very fast or she would have been drowned.

The rain pelted so hard that it tore down the little house, and there was not a bit of it left.

But the silver spider was the sort of person who never gives up. The next morning when the rain was over she said: "I must spin myself another house."

So she fastened one end of her web stuff to a white rose-bush, and the other end to a red rose-bush, and she crossed over and back a number of times.

"Now, I must make more windows than before," she said, "to look out from and see the rose-buds."

So she crossed over and under a great many times, and she made a more beautiful house than before, with many, many windows.

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"What a very pleasant house," said the silver spider, as she sat down beside one of the windows. "I think I shall live here—all summer."

But just then the wind began to blow, very hard. It shook the trees, and it bent the rose-bushes, and the silver spider it blew to the ground.

Ah, the wind blew so hard that it tore the little house to bits and there was not a thread of it left.

Perhaps you think the silver spider was discouraged. No, indeed, for she was the sort of a spider who never, *never* gives up.

The next day, when the wind was over, she said:

"Well, I must spin myself another house."

So she began spinning a new little silver house, down low in the grass, and she fastened her ends of web stuff only to grass-blades, for she thought they would be safer so. "I will make more windows than I ever made before," she said, "to watch for the children when they pass."

So, after a while, the third house was done and the silver spider settled herself for the day. And along through the grass came a boy.

He was a very big boy who had just put on knickerbockers, and laced-up shoes that

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squeaked. He hurried along, very fast, through the grass.

"Dearie me," said the silver spider to her very small self as she peeped out through the window. "I never before knew how very large a child's feet are. What, oh, what if he should step on me!"

Just then the boy looked down in the grass and saw the silver house.

"Nothing but an old spider's web," he said. He lifted his foot, but he really did not step in it. I don't know how it happened, but he just went around the other side.

So the little silver spider lived all summer there in the grass, and the rain and the wind never troubled her any more. She just looked out of her little windows and had a very pleasant time. And was it not splendid, and was it not really because she was the sort of a spider who never, *never* gave up?

RAIN

If every day the sun should shine
And clouds forget to rain,
I couldn't wear my overshoes
Or sail my boats again.
I couldn't raise my parasol
And play it is a tent,
With bullets pattering overhead
By foreign armies sent.
I couldn't watch the little pools,
With ripples jumping high.
I couldn't see the pussy-cats,
All wet and sad, go by.
I don't see why a little child
Should cry at rain, do you?
With mud and puddles everywhere,
And, oh, so much to do.

HOW ROBIN'S KITE LEARNED TO FLY

ONE cloudy, rainy day, little boy Robin said: "Oh, I do wish it wouldn't rain. I think I want to make a kite."

Grandmother lifted her spectacles from her nose and smiled with her twinkly blue eyes.

"I know where there is a big sheet of strong wrapping paper," she said.

Grandfather laid down his book.

"I can find some splints in the wood basket for you," he said.

So Robin brought out his own pair of shiny scissors that hung on a nail in the kitchen. He found his own little jar of paste. Then he spread out all his things on the kitchen table and went to work. Snip, snap, went the scissors. Scritch, scratch went grandfather's jackknife, whittling splints from the kindlings in the wood basket. Splash went the paste-brush, and there was little boy Robin's kite all done, with a long newspaper tail and a long string to fly it by.

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By that time the rain was all over and the sun was peeping out.

"I am going out to fly my kite," said little boy Robin.

Grandfather waved his hand from the kitchen window, and little boy Robin ran up and down the garden path, with his new kite. But oh, the kite would not fly at all. It just trailed along the ground after Robin, dragging its tail in the wet grass and looking very unhappy.

"It hasn't learned how to fly yet," said little boy Robin, "and I can't show it how." Then he sat down on a stone and squeezed out two big tears.

An old gray mole came along just then and stopped in front of Robin.

"What's up, little boy?" he said.

"Oh," sobbed Robin, "I have a little new kite and it doesn't know how to fly."

"If I should be out when the wind goes by,
I'll tell him. He teaches the kites to fly,"

said the old gray mole. Then he hurried off to dig long tunnels under the garden beds and presently forgot all about his promise. Robin waited, but the wind did not come by.

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Pretty soon along came a cheerful brown sparrow.

"What is the trouble, little boy?" chirped the sparrow.

"My kite doesn't know how to fly," said little boy Robin.

The cheerful sparrow began to hop up and down in the garden path in front of the kite. He spread his wings and flapped them and said:

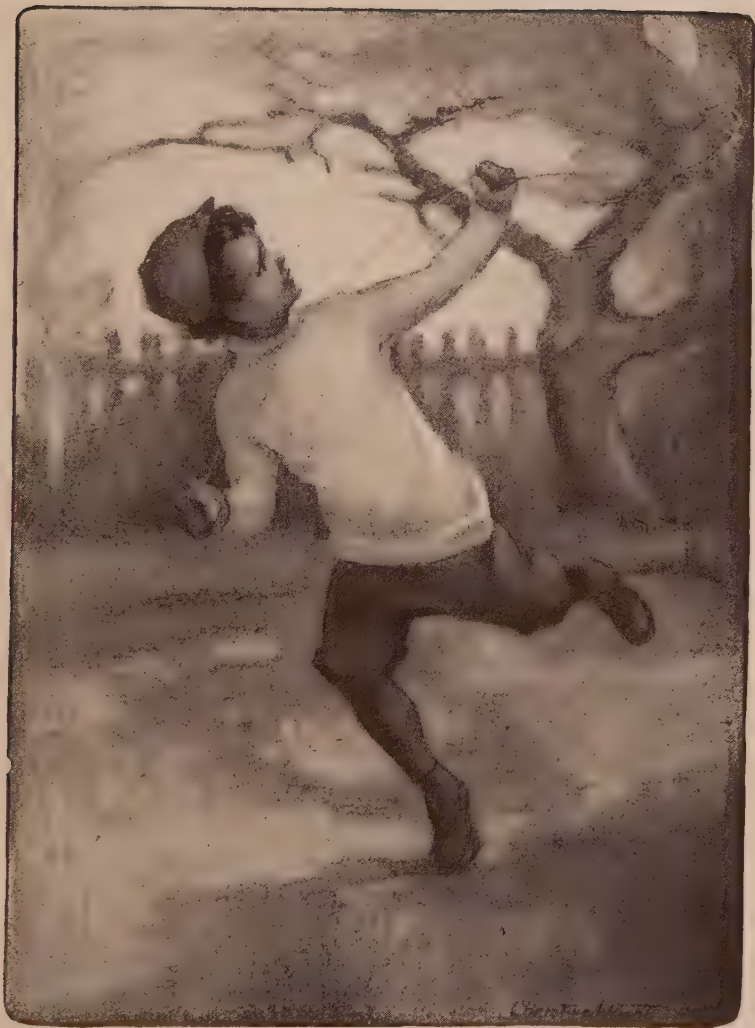
"This way and that way, just stand up and try,
That's the way father taught me how to fly."

The kite just lay very still, and presently the cheerful sparrow flew off to gather straw and hen's feathers for a new nest.

Little boy Robin cried two more tears, until a withered last year's leaf heard him and rustled:

"Look at the tops of the garden trees;
Something is coming—a new little breeze!"

Robin looked up very high. Surely, the tops of the trees were moving. He kept very still, for he did not wish to frighten the new little breeze. At last, down came the breeze to the ground and began tugging at the kite's tail, but



The little new kite had learned how to fly



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still the kite would not fly. Off went the breeze and it came back with two other little breezes who pushed and pulled, too, but the kite would not fly.

"I'll make that kite fly if it takes me all day.

Let's go to the woods where the west wind's at play,"

said the first little breeze.

So the three little breezes hurried off to find the old west wind, and they told him all about the kite in little boy Robin's garden that would not fly.

"Oh, ho," said the old west wind, "we'll see about that directly."

Down the road went the old west wind, with the three little breezes in front to show him the way. Over the gate he rushed and he pulled off little boy Robin's red cap and tossed it into the currant bushes. Then, in half a minute, he made the kite stand and spread its tail, and off it flew as far as the string would let it go. Why, it even wanted to go on farther. You can't think how it tugged and tugged.

So Robin ran up and down the garden path with the kite flying high behind him. The old

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gray mole came out of his tunnel to see. The brown sparrow stopped with a bill full of nest stuff to watch. The withered last year's leaf followed merrily along the path. And little boy Robin waved his hand to grandfather in the kitchen window to tell him that the little new kite had learned how to fly.

THE GERANIUM STORY

THERE were once seven red geraniums, all just exactly the same size, all in fine red flower pots, and all blossoming, and they lived together on a shelf in a hot-house.

And one pleasant morning they began nodding their red blossoms, and talking together, and trying to decide what they would like to be when they were sold. You see, it is just like a small child growing up to be a large child when a flower is taken from the place where it was rooted and pruned, and bought by some one and taken out into the world.

"I am going to live with a little princess," said the first red geranium, "and bloom all day long in her palace window."

"I am going to live with a child in a red dress," said the second geranium, "a dress that matches my color," for this geranium was proud.

"We are going to live only in a very large house," said the third and fourth geraniums, who thought they were very large indeed, and needed a great deal of room.

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"I shall go to live with a rich child," said the fifth red geranium.

"I want to find a place in the world where I shall be watered and tended every morning," said the sixth geranium.

Then there was only one geranium left, and it had waited until the very last because it had such a very modest little wish to make.

"I should just like to sit in the sun, and make someone happy," said the seventh geranium.

So, after a few days, the red geraniums were sold, and they were wrapped in white paper night-gowns, and they went a long journey over night in a train. After a while they all awoke, and had their night-gowns off, and they all looked about to see if each one had his wish—to see if the world were full of princesses, and gay red dresses, and riches, and people standing ready with watering pots—and the last red geranium looked about to see if it were making anyone happy.

And where do you think they all were? Why, they were sitting side by side on a shelf just as they had been together in the hot-house, but there was a little girl in a red dressing gown sitting in front of them.

"How is the lame foot, little princess?" asked

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a nurse in a white cap. "See the beautiful flowers," cried the little girl, clapping her hands. "Soon, I can stand up and water them every morning."

Then the red geraniums began looking about them. "It is a very large house," said they, and it was, being a hospital.

"They call the sick child a princess," said one.

"She has a red dress," said another.

"She looks as if she were rich," said the fifth geranium. Ah! the child was rich, for everyone loved her.

"She will water us every morning," said the sixth geranium.

But the last geranium said nothing at all, for it knew that its modest little wish had come true for all of them.

Were they not all sitting in the sun, and were they not all making someone happy?

THE THREE RABBITS

ONE morning, very early, three rabbits with long, soft ears and bright pink eyes, started off to find a home.

"We must have grass," said the first rabbit.

"We must have plenty of carrots," said the second rabbit.

"We must try and find a kind little girl," said the third rabbit.

So off hopped the three, and on down the road they went until they came to a garden gate wide open. Inside the gate there was green grass, and beyond it a patch of carrots. But there came strange sounds from the garden.

"I *will* dig up the flowers! I *won't* keep my wagon in the path! I *will* get my pinafore dirty if I please!"

"Ah!" said the rabbits, as they pricked up their ears. "This would not be a good place to live."

So the three rabbits hopped along the road until they came to a second garden gate stand-

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ing open. The garden was full of fresh green leaves all ready to nibble. There were carrots, too, and young cabbage sprouts, and tufts of parsley, but, alas, the three rabbits heard a child quarreling. "It's *my* cookie!" a child was saying. "I don't wish to share it with the baby! Give it to me, I say!"

"This is not the home for us," said the three rabbits, as they hopped away.

Then, after a while, when the sun was dropping down behind the clouds, and it was nearly night, the three rabbits came hopping along to a third garden gate. The gate was open wide, and inside were wonderful things—clumps of clover and patches of parsnips, and full grown cabbages, and beds of nasturtiums, and carrots and green grass.

As the three rabbits sniffed beneath the garden gate with their pink noses and saw all the lovely green things, there came a little voice from the garden as sweet as music.

"Mother dear, I've finished all the sewing and I watered the flowers, and I picked up all my toys. Was there anything else to do?"

"This is the best garden we have found yet," said the three rabbits, hopping in through the gate. "Here we come, little girl!"

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So the three rabbits with long, soft ears and bright pink eyes lived with the little girl, and played with her, and had all the green grass and carrots they could eat.

THE LITTLE BROWN BERRY

ONCE upon a time there was a rose-bush that grew in a garden of flowers. The rain watered it and the sun warmed it until it was all covered with shimmering green leaves. After a while it had a tiny, pointed rosebud, and that rosebud stretched, and stretched, and opened until it was a beautiful rose.

It was not a red rose, the color of a sunrise. It was not a white rose, the color of a summer cloud. It was not a yellow rose, like a bit of sunshine. It was a beautiful pink rose, the color of a baby's cheek, and the little pink rose spread out her ruffles and frills in the midst of the green leaves and fluttered and danced, and there was not another so pretty a flower in the whole garden.

Everyone came to visit her. The drowsy old bee came blundering along, and he tumbled right into the middle of the little pink rose.

"Buzz, buzz!" he droned. "May I rest a

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minute and have a bit of your honey, sweet Mistress Rose?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir Bee," breathed the pretty pink rose.

"Cheer up, cheer-ee!" chirruped Mr. Robin Redbreast. "May I stop and sing you a song, Mistress Rose?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Redbreast," fluttered the pretty pink rose.

So Mr. Robin Redbreast perched on the tip of the rose-bush and sang his loudest song to the pretty pink rose.

"Would you like a drink?" asked the old gardener, as he came down the path with his big green watering can on his arm. With his pruning shears, he cut away some leaves that the pretty pink rose might be better seen, and then he gave her a drink.

"May I just smell of you, pretty pink rose?" said the little girl as she ran about the garden. "You are a great deal too pretty to pick, but I want to just look at you."

So the pretty pink rose leaned down low, and let the little girl touch her. Then the rose thought there had never been such a happy rose as she, or such a beautiful garden to live in.

But after a while, when the summer was over,

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that was all changed. The garden grew quite brown and bare, and the old gardener was busy all day with his pruning shears, snipping off the heads of the dried-up garden things. After a while he did not come out at all, because it was too cold. The robin hid in the barn, and the drowsy bee went to sleep, for it was fall.

And the pretty pink rose? Ah, the poor little pink rose! She fluttered and danced as long as she could, and she held tightly to her pretty pink skirts, but she shivered and shook in the cold winds. One day a very fierce wind came blowing through the garden, and it blew away all her pink ruffles. When she looked down at herself, what do you suppose had happened? Why, she was not a pretty pink rose any longer. She had turned into a homely, dried-up, little brown berry!

She had never thought that this would happen to her. She thought she was going to wear her pink ruffles always, and now she was so homely and brown and not pretty any more. The leaves were all gone from the rose-bush, too, and the dry branches creaked and moaned. The little brown berry sighed and cried in the wind:

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I am so very ugly to look at, and I am so unhappy.”

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"What a dried-up, queer little berry you are!" said the little girl as she came down the path in her hood and mittens. "Who would ever think you were such a pretty pink rose last summer!"

"You are too hard and dry for me to eat, little brown berry!" said the robin, as he hopped out of the barn to look for something to eat.

And the brown berry sighed and cried again:

"Oh, dear! Nobody loves me any more, and I am so very unhappy."

But just then the Angel of the flowers came through the garden. You see, sometimes the flowers are restless in their beds, and the Angel has to tuck in their leaf bed quilts more tightly, and whisper to them about the wonderful things that will happen in the spring. The Angel came to the rose-bush where the little brown berry hung, sighing and crying in the wind, and said:

"What a wrinkled little face for such a fine, fat, brown berry to have! What is the matter, my dear?"

"Matter enough," said the little brown berry. "I am so very ugly to look at. Nobody loves me any more, and I am so unhappy!"

Then the Angel laughed—the low, sweet

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laugh that angels know, and she put her face down close to the little brown berry and she said:

“But I love you. And you’re quite a good-looking little brown berry when you don’t scowl your face all up; and I came to the garden to tell you a secret.”

Then the Angel whispered a secret to the little brown berry.

I can’t tell you just what the secret was. It wouldn’t be polite to the Angel for me to do that, but whatever the secret was, it made the little brown berry feel quite happy again. She danced in the wind and the snow all winter as gay a little berry as ever you saw. And, after a while, such a wonderful thing happened to her! She fell to the ground and she began to grow up, and up, and up, until she was a new little rose-bush, covered with many, many roses, oh, so pretty and pink!

Perhaps that was the Angel’s secret—that a little brown berry may hold pretty pink roses.

Don’t you suppose that maybe it was?

AFTER WINTER

A little bit of blowing,
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing
And crocuses will show!
On every twig that's lonely a new green leaf
will swing,
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and
sing.

A little bit of sleeting,
A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting
A snowdrop come again!
And every frozen hillside its gift of grass will
bring,
And every day of winter another day of spring.

MORNING

The little red rooster who lives in the barnyard
Just crows, and crows, and crows.

He stands on the wall and he stretches up high
On his toes, his toes, his toes.

The sun is just raising a sleepy old head,
The moon and the stars have all hurried to bed,
The birds in the orchard "good morning" have
said—

And the little red rooster crows.

A new little breeze comes a-kissing the grasses;
It blows, and blows, and blows.

The dew stands all shining on daisy and clover
And rose, and rose, and rose.

The round yellow chickens say "peep, peep,
peep,"

The cat and the kittens have wakened from
sleep—

Away in the fields there's the "baa-a" of a sheep,
So the little red rooster crows.

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Oh, it's time for a lassie to jump out of bed,
He knows, he knows, he knows,
And smile to the morning, and lace her own
sandals,
And dress in her clothes, her clothes;
It's time to be ready for all kinds of play—
It's time to help mother in every way,
It's time to be busy another new day
When the little red rooster crows.

THE LITTLE RED APPLE

ONCE upon a time there was an orchard, and in the orchard there grew a little apple tree, and on the apple tree there was a little red apple. One sunny day, when the apple was ripe and very rosy, all the little boys came out to the orchard and they shook the apple tree, calling:

"We are very hungry, little red apple; come down at once so we may eat you."

And the little boys called so loudly that they frightened the little red apple. It loosened its stem and it fell to the ground, but it would not stop to let the little boys eat it. It rolled under the orchard gate and out through the road, and down, down a hill. At the foot of the hill there was a mill, and the miller, all dusty and covered with white flour, came to the door to see where the little red apple was rolling so fast.

"Stop," called the miller, "I want to eat a little red apple."

"No, I'll not stop," called back the little red apple as it rolled by; "I ran away from the

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hungry little boys. I will run away from you, Manny Panny."

So the little red apple rolled along past the mill and it came to an old hen scratching in the dusty road with all her little yellow chickens about her. The hen was finding plenty of fat bugs to eat, but she cackled:

"Stop, I want to eat a little red apple."

"No, I'll not stop," called the little red apple as it rolled along; "I ran away from the hungry little boys. I ran away from Manny Panny and I will run away from you, Henny Penny."

So the little red apple rolled on and on, and presently it came to a duck pond. A mother duck was teaching her little ducklings to swim, while the father drake picked up corn on the bank. They all looked quite fat and well fed, but as soon as the little red apple came in sight, the drake stopped cracking corn and called out:

"Stop, I want to eat a little red apple."

"No, I'll not stop," called out the little red apple; "I ran away from the hungry little boys. I ran away from Manny Panny and Henny Penny. I will run away from you, Drake Lake."

Then the little red apple balanced itself on its stem and rolled over and over again, past

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the duck pond. But before it had gone very far, it came to the woods. In the woods sat Fox Lox under a big pine tree, and he wiped his mouth with his paw as soon as he saw the little red apple rolling along, and he called out:

"Stop, I want to eat a little red apple."

"No, I'll not stop," cried the little red apple, rolling along a bit faster; "I ran away from the hungry little boys. I ran away from Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Drake Lake. I will run away from you, Fox Lox."

So the little red apple rolled away through the deep woods until it came to the meadows. There, under an old stone wall, sat Old Chipmunk, twirling his whiskers and counting the stripes in his tail.

"Stop," cried Old Chipmunk, "I want to eat a little red apple."

"No, I'll not stop," cried the little red apple; "I ran away from the hungry little boys. I ran away from Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Drake Lake and Fox Lox. I will run away from you, Old Chipmunk."

So the little red apple rolled on again, but it began to feel rather tired with so much rolling in one day. At last, it stopped and lay in the grass to rest for a minute. Just then, along

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came a dear little girl, singing through the meadow, and she stopped, too, when she saw the little red apple in the grass.

"What a pretty red apple!" she cried, clapping her two soft hands; "oh, please may I take you home to mother?"

"Well," said the little red apple, "I ran away from the hungry little boys. I ran away from Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Drake Lake and Fox Lox and Old Chipmunk. But I think I should like to go home with you, little girl."

And the little red apple did.

DOBBIN

Old Dobbin lives in Grandpa's barn.

The whole long winter through,
But when the summer comes again

He has so much to do,
And so he gets up while it's dark,
And eats a little hay;
Before I am awake at all,
He's ready for the day.

Old Dobbin ploughs the big south lot

Where large potatoes grow.
I often run along beside
And watch the furrows, so.
And then he takes the fruit and eggs
And hurries to the store,
And does the errands in the town,
A dozen things or more.

He reaps the oats and draws them in,

He takes me for a ride,
He's ready when a Sunday comes
To go to church, beside.

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And when there isn't any work
He really has to do,
He trots down to the blacksmith shop
And buys a stronger shoe.

He never says he'd like to rest,
I never saw him frown.
It's "Dobbin here," and "Dobbin there";
He trudges up and down.
A little boy, when summer comes,
May run, and shout, and play,
But Dobbin works so patiently
Each sunny, summer day.

GRANDFATHER'S LITTLE LAMB

Now this is the true story of grandfather's little lamb.

It was when grandfather was a little boy, and lived in the red farmhouse on the turnpike road, 'way, 'way off in the country, that he had the little lamb. It was the softest, woolliest, sweetest little lamb you ever saw, and grandfather had found her one day caught in some bramble bushes, bleating and crying *maa-maa* as loudly as she could. But no mamma sheep was anywhere around to help her. So grandfather picked her up and trudged home with her, and great-grandmother said he might keep her if she stayed in the kitchen and did not go upstairs with her feet all muddy.

Grandfather filled the oldest chip basket with soft things for the little lamb to lie upon, and she slept there in the warmest part of the chimney corner at night. Daytimes she ran about the kitchen on her teetery little legs, and she had her milk in your great-aunt Patience's little old nursing bottle. Just think of that!

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Grandfather named the little lamb Spotty, because she had a wee black spot on the tip of her nose, and everybody in the red farmhouse grew to love her. She wore a blue ribbon around her neck, and great-grandmother kept a cloth hanging on a nail in the kitchen to wipe off Spotty's feet so she could go upstairs once in a while, if she wanted to.

It was fall when Spotty came. She stayed in the house most of the time, all winter, for her little legs were still very teetery, and the snow drifted, and drifted. Grandfather sat for days in his little red rocking chair by the kitchen window and held Spotty in his lap, and told her what very bad weather they were having.

But presently the spring came. The snow melted and the dandelions came up again, and great-grandmother opened the kitchen door wide to let in the warm sunshine. Then Spotty went out to the south pasture to nibble the new green grass, for her legs were not nearly so teetery now.

Did I say that everyone in the red farmhouse loved Spotty? Well, there was just one person who did not love her, and that was Scrub, grandfather's little yellow dog.

You see, Scrub and grandfather had been

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great chums. Scrub had always helped grandfather hunt for eggs, and he had chased the squirrels when grandfather went for nuts. It was Scrub who caught the 'coon that grandfather's winter cap was made of, and it was Scrub who helped grandfather with the cows at night and ran along ahead through the woods, barking, to scare away the goblins.

Scrub had felt badly in the winter when he couldn't sit in the little red rocking chair beside grandfather, because grandfather was holding Spotty, but he felt much worse in the spring.

You see, Spotty went everywhere with grandfather now, even across the fields to Uncle Henry's, or down the lane to the store. Scrub *could* have gone, too. Grandfather whistled to him to come along, but Scrub's feelings were hurt. He sat at home on the back steps and whined, and felt cross.

One night when the milking was done, grandfather went out to fetch Spotty in for the night, but he could not find her anywhere. He called: "Spotty, Spotty!" but no little lamb came running up to the kitchen door.

Then great-grandmother called: "Spotty, Spotty!" but Spotty did not come. When it grew dark great-grandfather lighted the lantern

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and went down the road a bit, but he could not find Spotty, and they had to bolt the kitchen door.

Scrub was drinking skim milk from his blue bowl on the stone hearth.

"I wonder if Scrubby knows anything about the lamb," great-grandfather said. "He was barking at her heels in the south pasture this morning."

Scrub did not look up at all. He just went on drinking his milk.

"Scrubby, where's Spotty?" asked great-grandmother.

Scrub didn't say a word. He went over and smelled of Spotty's basket and then he sat down on the hearth and looked at the fire, very soberly.

Grandfather pulled his little red chair up to the hearth and patted Scrub's head.

"Good old Scrubby," he said. "Have you seen Spotty?"

Scrub got up very suddenly, and his ears hung down and his tail was very limp. He looked as if he felt ashamed about something, and he went out and sat by himself in the woodshed. So grandfather went up to bed in the attic, and he cried himself to sleep because he thought he would never see his little lamb again.

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Well, what do you suppose happened in the morning? Grandfather got up early to look for Spotty, and there, waiting at the pasture gate to be let in, were Scrub and Spotty! Spotty looked rather dirty, but Scrub was washing her off with his tongue, and when he saw grandfather he jumped about and barked, as happy a small dog as you ever saw. Just then along drove Uncle Henry with a load of hay.

"Hello, John," he said to grandfather. "Got your lamb back? Scrubby brought her over to my place yesterday, and lost her in the woods. I was going down to look for her this morning, but Scrubby was too early for me. He came over before daylight, and found her, and started back with her. Guess he felt sort of sorry."

Scrub began to wash Spotty again, harder than before, and he wagged his tail until he seemed as if it would come off.

"Good old Scrubby," said grandfather.

Then the three, grandfather and Scrub and Spotty, went together to let the cows out for the day, and Scrub never, never took Spotty away again.

TEA AT MISS SUSAN'S

When I've been very good for a great many
Sundays,
As good, oh, as good as can be,
I wear my red shoes and my pretty sprigged
challie,
And go to Miss Susan's for tea.

Away down ^{up} the road to a house with green
curtains,
A knocker of brass on the door,
A very wide hall and a slippery staircase—
You couldn't "hop scotch" on her floor.

Miss Susan has curls, and her petticoats rustle
Like wind when it blows through the grass;
She shows me her garden, the poppies, and fox-
glove,
And says I am "Lucy's own lass." ✓

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She gives me a chair made of slippery haircloth,
And high on the wall I can see,
Where the golden-framed mirror hangs shiny
and sparkling,
A child sitting quite like me.

And then we have tea at a little round table,
With pound cake, and honey, and jell;
And tea plates like roses, and teaspoons like
dolly's,
And teacups as thin as a shell.

Oh, I wonder so much, on the way home to
mother,
How many more Sundays 'twill be
Till I wear my red shoes the next time, and my
challie,
And go to Miss Susan's for tea.

HOW CHICKEN LITTLE WENT FISHING

ONCE upon a time there was a barnyard and in the barnyard lived Proud Cock, Fat Turkey, Brown Hen and Brown Hen's son, a very little son named Chicken Little. There were pigs and cats and a house dog in the barnyard, but they were not nearly so important as the four, Proud Cock, Fat Turkey, Brown Hen and Chicken Little, who always walked, and talked, and ate, and slept together on the same roost, and had never cared to go through the barnyard gate.

But one day Mr. Duck Daddles, who lived in the pond, came to call, and he showed his webbed feet to Proud Cock. He told Fat Turkey how he fished for shiners with his bill.

"Don't you wish you were I, and lived out in the world?" he said.

Fat Turkey said, "no."

Proud Cock said, "no."

Chicken Little did not say anything.

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All night after Mr. Duck Daddles' call Chicken Little could not sleep on his end of the hen-roost. Very early in the morning before Proud Cock had crowed, Chicken Little jumped down from the hen-roost to the ground. He crept under the barnyard gate to the road, for Chicken Little had decided to go out into the world by himself.

Such a thing had never happened before in the barnyard. Proud Cock's comb drooped when he found that Chicken Little had run away. Fat Turkey and Brown Hen ran to and fro, crying:

"Chicken Little is lost!" "Where is Chicken Little?"

Well, Chicken Little started straight down the road. The sky was blue, but the sun was very warm. He had not stopped for any breakfast, so he soon grew hungry. He met a brindled cow and she stopped in the middle of the road at seeing a little chicken out all alone.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going fishing with Duck Daddles," said Chicken Little. "Do you know where the pond is?"

The brindled cow did not know, so Chicken

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Little went right on. Presently he met a donkey drawing a cart of vegetables.

"Where are you going?" the donkey asked of Chicken Little.

Chicken Little was so tired that he could hardly answer, but he said in a weak voice:

"I am going to Duck Daddles' pond to fish. Do you know where it is?"

No, the donkey did not know.

By this time Chicken Little wished he had never started. His wings were drooping, and his tail feathers dragged in the dust. His throat was dry, and he lay down in the grass by the side of the road to rest.

Just as he thought he must certainly die, along came an old goose on her way to market with her knitting under her wing.

"What's this?" she cackled, stopping by Chicken Little. "A little chicken out all alone!"

"I—was—going—fishing—with Mr.—Duck Daddles—" said Chicken Little. He was too worn out to ask about the pond.

"Why, your poor little thing!" said the kind old goose. "Did your mother never tell you that your bill was never made for fishing, nor your feet webbed for swimming?"

Chicken Little looked at his feet. They were

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not webbed feet like Mr. Duck Daddles'! He put up one claw and felt of his bill. No, it was not large enough to catch fish.

"I think I will go home," said Chicken Little.

It seemed a long way back to the barnyard. The sun had nearly set before he crept under the gate, a tired, hungry little chicken. Proud Cock, Fat Turkey and Brown Hen sat in a corner, very unhappy. They all ran to meet Chicken Little.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," said Proud Cock. "Here is Chicken Little."

"Gobble-gobble-gobble!" said Fat Turkey. "It is good to see you again, youngster."

Brown Hen took him under her wing. She covered him close with his feathers.

"Cut-cut-cut-ca-da-cut," she clucked. "Don't ever go away from the barnyard again, and don't ever try again to do a thing that you don't know how to do."

"I never will," said Chicken Little.

CHICKEN LITTLE AND THE BABY

ONCE upon a time, in the summer, a strange thing happened at the farm. The only people the barnyard folk had ever seen were the farmer and the farmer's wife, and the hired men, who scattered corn. One day some one else came. It was a small person with red shoes like Duck Daddles' shoes, only larger. It came out to the barnyard holding the hired man's hand. It scattered corn, too, and they all crowded around to see—Fat Turkey, Proud Cock, Brown Hen and Chicken Little.

"What is it?" asked Fat Turkey in a low voice to Proud Cock. Proud Cock said he didn't know.

"What is it?" said Chicken Little to his mother, Brown Hen.

"I don't know," said Brown Hen, with her mouth full of corn. Just then, Duck Daddles came along. "What is it? What is it?" they all said at once to him.

"Why, you are all very stupid," said Duck

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Daddles. "I have seen them along the road and by my pond. It's a baby."

Well, the baby stayed at the farm for weeks and weeks. Every morning he came out to the farmyard in his little red shoes. He carried a small tin pail and he fed corn to all the barnyard folk. Whenever the baby came, Fat Turkey would gobble a good morning. "Cock-a-doodle-doo," and "Cluck-cluck, my dear," Proud Cock and Brown Hen would say; while Chicken Little ran about saying "Peep, peep, peep!" And the baby loved him the best of all.

Everybody on the farm loved the baby, Dobbin the horse, and Molly the cow, and Towser the dog, and Mrs. Muffet the cat. The baby never chased them or pulled their tails, and was always sweet and kind. When the baby wanted to go through the barnyard gate, Towser and Mrs. Muffet went with him to keep him safe, and Duck Daddles walked proudly in front to show the way. When the baby came home again, there was Chicken Little waiting, and all the rest, flapping their wings with joy to have the baby back again.

At last it came time for the baby to go away from the farm to the place where he lived. The farmyard folk all met in the barn to talk it over.

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Proud Cock stood up on the edge of Molly's stall and the others sat in a circle on the floor to listen. "Cock-a-doodle-doo, the baby is going away," said Proud Cock, trying hard not to let his voice tremble.

"We know it," they all said, and Towser wiped his eyes with one paw, Fat Turkey tucked his head under his wing, and Chicken Little sat sadly on one leg.

"We ought to give the baby something when he goes," said Proud Cock. Then they all sat and thought hard what they could give the dear baby the day he went home.

"Moo-oo," said Molly, "I shall give him a big bowl of my sweetest milk for his breakfast."

"Splendid," said old Dobbin, "and I'll give him a ride to the station."

"Cluck, cluck," said Brown Hen, "I am going to lay a fresh egg for him to carry away."

"He likes my tail feathers," said Proud Cock. "I shall give him my longest red one to wear home in his cap."

"I gave him my prettiest white kitten, yesterday," said Mrs. Muffet, washing her paws in a satisfied way.

"He is going to have my wishbone at Thanksgiving," said Fat Turkey.

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Poor Chicken Little said not a word. He could not lay eggs. He had so few feathers he really couldn't spare any, and he loved the baby so much and the baby loved him, too. Whatever should he do? When the others had gone out of the barn, Chicken Little still sat there. He scratched his head and dropped a few tears. Then, at last, he thought of something, and he stopped crying.

When the day came for the baby to go, everyone went to the gate with him. The farmer's wife wiped her eyes on her apron. The old farmer took the baby in his lap and Dobbin was all harnessed to draw them to the station. The baby had a bag of Mrs. Brown Hen's eggs, and Mrs. Muffet's kitten was in a basket under the seat. Fat Turkey flapped his wings and called out: "Just wait until Thanksgiving!" Duck Daddles went down the road a way to see the red feather in the baby's hat. They all forgot Chicken Little in their excitement.

But Dobbin hadn't gone very far when there came a "peep, peep," from out of the hay in the bottom of the wagon. "Peep, peep!" it came again, and then a small yellow head looked up, and there was Chicken Little himself! **How-**
ever he flew so high no one knew, but he was

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going home with the baby. They couldn't turn around and take him back. It was too near train time, so they put him in the kitten's basket. The baby clapped his hands, and Dobbin drew them all to the station. But he said to himself all the way, "Whatever shall we do at the barnyard without Chicken Little?"

THE WEATHERCOCK

The weathercock sits on the top of the steeple,
Ever and ever so high,
Much taller than chimneys and taller than
people,
Stretching his neck to the sky.

And what does he care for the storm and the
snowing?
Flapping his pretty gold wings,
He cheerily turns to the tune of the blowing,
Gaily he sways and he swings.

He peeps in the nests where the wee birds are
crying,
Chats with the old belfry bat,
Goes peering to see where the red kite is flying,
Laughs when the breeze takes his hat.

Some day, I believe I will climb up the
stairway,
Far to the steeple, and see
If he will change places with me for an hour;
I would a weathercock be!

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Oh, think of the fun to stay out in the weather,
Never a roof-tree or lock;
Just little me and the wind there together—
High, like the old weathercock!

A SUMMER TEA PARTY

Little Miss Cricket she gave a tea party
Out under the haystack last night.
A toadstool was able to serve for a table,
The glow-worms stood round for the light.

Old Mrs. Spider she spun some fine linen,
All shining as gossamer lace.
The tea service old was of fair meadow gold,
With a goblet of dew at each place.

Gaudy-winged Butterfly came in her satins,
Grasshopper-Green, with his fiddle and drum,
And up from the clover the whole meadow over,
In gay yellow gowns did the honey bees come.

And little Miss Cricket, when supper was over,
With bold Mr. Firefly led in the ball.
Oh, they danced all the night with the glow-
worms for light—
The moths and the bees and the crickets
and all..

MILKING TIME

When Peter lays his rake away
And hurries down the lane,
Oh, then I know it must be time
To go and milk again,
And so I run and fetch my hat
No matter what I'm playing at.

The red cow stays a long way off
With other cows all day.
In all the sun they browse around
And chew, and never play.
But Peter brings her home at four,
And helps her through the wide barn door.

Then Peter finds his three-legged stool
And pail of shiny tin,
While I stand just outside the door
And never dare go in,
But wait and hold my little cup,
For Peter often fills it up.

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And when the cow has given milk
For supper, and some more,
She has some hay to last all night
And then we bolt the door,
And start for home, so glad and slow.
When Peter milks, I always go.

THE PEARL

ONCE upon a time, there were two shell things lying side by side on a beach. The tide had washed them in, and one was a great, green, glittering shell thing with long claws and long feelers, who thought himself the most beautiful shell thing ever washed in by the tide, but the other was a very tiny, dull gray shell thing with no pretty color to boast of, and no feelers, and not in any way beautiful to look at.

"Where did you come from?" asked the great shell thing of the small shell thing, as they lay there, side by side.

"I lived near you in the sea," said the small shell thing, in a voice as soft as that of the tiniest white-cap rippling up to the shore.

"I never supposed so ugly a shell thing lived in the sea," said the great shell thing in a loud voice like the roar of the larger waves. "Why did you not grow feelers and claws, and put on a color like me?"

"I never was able," said the small shell thing. "I have been trying to raise feelers ever since I

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can remember, years and years ago, in case I was ever washed in to shore. I lived by a coral thing for ever so long, once, but he would not give me any color. I suppose it is of no use to try any longer.

"That is just the truth of the matter," said the great shell thing. "You never will be of any use in the world, because you are ugly. There comes the fisherman. He is looking for me! And the great shell thing swelled himself out large with pride.

"Now this is a haul," said the fisherman—"a lobster, and—what is this? Yes, it is really a little oyster, I do believe!" And the fisherman rowed home with the two shell things in the bottom of his boat.

"See what I have brought you," said the fisherman to his little girl, as he carefully opened the dull gray shell of the oyster. What do you suppose was inside? Why, the prettiest pearl that ever you saw, with soft colors that shone all around; for the small shell thing had been carrying his color inside.

And what became of the great, green shell thing? Why, he was only a lobster, you see, and so they put him in a pot and they boiled him for dinner.

MY SHIP

Oh, I had a tidy vessel to go sailing on the sea,
All painted red and yellow—she was passing
fair to see.

But as she lay at anchor in the rushing brook
one day,

My ship she slipped her moorings, and went
sailing far away.

Perhaps she sailed to China, or maybe off to
Spain,

But when I least expect her, she'll come sailing
home again.

With taffy on the quarterdeck, a peck or two,
all told,

And sugar toys from stem to stern, and pudding
in the hold,

* * * * *

And fruit cake cut in slices, and piled so thick
and neat,

And all the other pleasant things one never has
to eat.

HOW THE CRAB GOT EVEN

ONCE upon a time, in sunny Japan, there lived a naughty brown monkey at the top of a large pine tree and a good red crab in a marsh close by. Now the monkey was wise and spent all his time thinking how he could play tricks on people, but the crab was a simple-minded creature and did always whatever anyone told her.

One day the crab found a beautiful fresh rice-cake. Up in the pine tree the monkey was trying to crack a hard persimmon seed. Now a persimmon seed is not easy to crack and it is bitter to eat, so the monkey called out:

"Miss Crab, Miss Crab, will you change your rice-cake for a fine, sweet persimmon seed?"

"Oh, yes," said the crab. She was always most obliging, and the naughty monkey ate the rice-cake and chuckled to himself.

When the crab found that she could not crack the persimmon seed, she dug a hole in her garden and planted it deep down in the ground. The seed sprouted and grew and grew until it was a fine, large persimmon tree. When it was

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covered with nice ripe fruit, along came the naughty brown monkey as polite as could be and said:

"Miss Crab, Miss Crab, should you like me to gather your persimmons for you?"

A crab cannot climb a tree, so she said, "Yes, thank you, sir," to the monkey, and up the persimmon tree he went. But the monkey ate and ate persimmons and filled his pockets with persimmons and threw down only small, sour ones to the crab. After a while the crab began to suspect a trick, so she called out:

"You must come down a persimmon tree head first, Mr. Monkey, head first always."

The monkey had eaten all the persimmons he possibly could, so down the tree he started, head first, and a bushel of persimmons came down, too, out of his pockets, and all over the crab's garden. The crab began gathering them up as fast as she could, but the monkey was, oh, very angry! He shook and shook poor Miss Crab by her claws and he threw her into a deep hole and then he scurried off to his house as fast as his legs would carry him.

I think the crab would have died, but just then along came a friendly egg and a bee, the rice-mortar's apprentices. They found the crab

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in the hole and they pulled her out and did up her claws in bandages and helped her into her house. Then the egg and the bee made up their minds that they would punish the naughty monkey.

The monkey was at home by this time. He was feeling very comfortable because he was so full of persimmons, and he had a fancy to brew himself a cup of tea. He was about to light the fire on the hearth, when, splash! out of the ashes come the egg, that was hidden there all the time, and it burned the monkey's face so badly that he ran out the door crying, "Oh, oh, oh!" Then the bee, who was waiting at the back of the house, flew out and stung him. A bit of seaweed, who had just happened by, tripped him up, and along came the rice-mortar, who gave him such a drubbing that he ran to the woods and never came back.

So that was the end of the naughty brown monkey. The crab was soon well again and she invited the egg, the bee, the seaweed and the rice-mortar to come and live with her, and they all did. Every pleasant summer day, you may see them all sunning themselves in the crab's garden and eating ripe persimmons that fall from Miss Crab's persimmon tree.

AT THE SEASHORE

The sky is blue, and the sea is blue,
And the ships go out and in,
And I dig and dig the whole long day
With my spoon and pail of tin.
Perhaps to-morrow I'll catch a fish
With a beautiful silver fin.

The sky is wide and the sea is wide,
And the waves they clap their hands
When they see the castles so tall and straight
I build in the yellow sands,
For giants and dragons to live inside,
And the fairies from other lands.

The sky is gray and the day is done,
But the sea sings loud and strong
To the sleepy ships and to me in bed,
And the stars the whole night long.
Was there ever so tender a lullaby,
As the old sea's good-night song?



I dig and dig the whole long day

GRANDFATHER'S THANKSGIVING

OF course grandfather had a great many Thanksgiving days when he was a little, little boy and lived in the red farmhouse on the turn-pike road. But this was a special one that he told me about when I was a little girl. I think that grandfather was only five years old, and I told you that his name was John, and he had a little yellow dog named Scrub.

Well, it started with his Uncle Henry's giving grandfather some very fine pumpkin seeds in the spring, and grandfather planted them in the cornfield. Some of the seeds got into difficulties with the wiggling worms that live down below, and one vine started off for the potato field and it went so far that it forgot to grow any pumpkin—but one vine, oh, you should have seen what a wonderful pumpkin it raised! It was round and fat and just as yellow as gold.

Every day grandfather and Scrub went over to the cornfield to see the pumpkin. Grandfather would turn it around very carefully so as

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to let it get sunshine all around, while Scrub would smell of it and then run off a bit and bark. You see, Scrub was a very wise little dog and he knew a good pumpkin when he saw it.

"Four—three—only two more days before Thanksgiving Day, Scrubby," grandfather said after a while, "and then we'll make this pumpkin into a jack-o'-lantern."

But when it came to be the day before Thanksgiving and grandfather saw great-grandmother getting out the mince meat, he decided that he did not want his pumpkin made into a jack-o'-lantern. He wanted it made into a pumpkin pie.

So they picked that wonderful pumpkin and they cut it into small pieces, and great-grandmother boiled it a very long time until it was soft. Then she took it out of the kettle and she stirred in spices and eggs and milk and sugar, and grandfather helped a little bit with the stirring. After that great-grandmother filled some pie crusts with the pumpkin, but there was a little left over when she had finished, so she made a saucer pie.

It was a very little saucer pie. Grandfather says he can see now just how it looked, with four strips over the top going one way and four strips

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going the other way. Great-grandmother baked all the pies and the little saucer pie, too, and she said as she set it away in the pantry:

"Now that saucer pie will be so nice for your little cousin Patience, to-morrow, John."

And grandfather said "Yes," because he thought he ought to say "Yes."

After milking and supper were over, and the turkey was stuffed and lying in the dripping-pan, ready to be roasted, grandfather went up to the attic to bed just as he always did. After a while the whole family went to bed, too, and Scrub was allowed to stay in and lie on the hearth because it was the night before Thanksgiving. But grandfather could not seem to go to sleep. He tumbled and tossed about on his corn-husk mattress, and all the time he kept thinking about how good that little saucer pie must be looking down in the pantry, and how he wanted it for his very own, because it was made of his own pumpkin. And presently a little voice inside of him began saying:

"Get up, John, and go down to the pantry, and eat that pie. There are so many other large pies there that no one will ever miss it." So, finally, grandfather did get up, and he went down the attic stairs in the dark, although it

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was very cold indeed for his feet, and he went into the pantry.

Yes, there was the little saucer pie. Grandfather took it up in his hands and he smelled of it. Then he nibbled a bit of the crust. Oh, was it not good?

But just then Scrub waked and came into the pantry, yawning.

"You are setting Scrubby a very bad example," said a different small voice inside of grandfather. "You know he never is allowed in the pantry."

Then grandfather looked behind him at the fire in the kitchen. He was perfectly sure that he saw a little red gnome sitting on a red coal and pointing one finger at him as it said:

"Who took his cousin Patience's little saucer pie?" Then out in the barnyard grandfather heard an old white owl saying:

"Who-oo-o? You-oo-o!"

Grandfather put the saucer pie back on the shelf and he ran up to the attic again as fast as ever he could and he jumped into bed.

Well, in the morning Aunt Jane, and Uncle Henry, and little Patience, in her clean white pinafore, came. They all sat down to dinner and they ate turkey, and cranberry sauce, and

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mashed potatoes, and turnips, and dressing, and then it was time for pie. So great-grandmother brought in the pies and she said as she set the saucer pie down in front of Patience:

"Here's a little saucer pie that I made just for you, Patience. John raised the pumpkin himself."

Now, little Patience was a well-mannered child.

"I don't want all the pie, thank you, Aunt Almira," she said; "please cut it and give John half."

"That is very good of you, Patience," said great-grandmother, as she cut the saucer pie in two. "Why, I do believe the mice nibbled the crust last night. Here, John, your cousin Patience wants you to have some of the saucer pie."

"Now, what have we all to be thankful for, to-day?" asked Uncle Henry, as he folded his napkin and pushed back his chair.

"Johnny, what have you to say for yourself?"

Grandfather put his head down lower over his plate and he did not say anything.

"I don't believe Johnny is big enough to be thankful," said Aunt Jane.

But grandfather was thankful. You just better believe he was. For he looked at his little

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cousin Patience with her clean white pinafore and her smiling face, and he looked at the piece of crust that was left on his plate. And grandfather felt very thankful indeed that he had not eaten up the little saucer pie all by himself.

THE LAME SQUIRREL'S THANKS- GIVING

THERE was once a little gray squirrel and he was lame. Some one who was very thoughtless had set a trap in the woods and the little gray squirrel never saw it until his poor, wee foot was caught fast. When he pulled his foot out it was very lame indeed.

All summer he limped. All fall he limped, too. It was such hard work for him to stoop over that the red squirrels and the brown squirrels and the small boys gathered all the nuts before he could get any.

After a while it came to be Thanksgiving Day in the woods. All the animals, the squirrels, the woodchucks, the field-mice, the rabbits, and the chipmunks were cooking their Thanksgiving dinners. Mrs. Striped Chipmunk was down in her cellar at the root of an old fir tree sorting out shagbarks for a pudding. She was thinking about having a chestnut roly-poly, too, when, suddenly, she said to herself:

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"I wonder if the little lame squirrel is sick. The last time I saw him he looked pretty thin. I believe I will carry him some Thanksgiving dinner."

So Mrs. Striped Chipmunk took off her apron and filled the largest market basket she owned with every kind of nut—shagbarks, butternuts, hazel nuts, chestnuts, black walnuts—and off she started for the gray squirrel's house. She had not walked very far when she passed the house of the oldest woodchuck, and the oldest woodchuck peered out from his window and said:

"Where are you going, when you should be at home cooking your dinner, Mrs. Striped Chipmunk?"

Mrs. Striped Chipmunk stopped a moment as she said:

"Oh, I am just going over to the lame squirrel's house with a bit of Thanksgiving dinner for him."

"Hold on a minute," said the oldest woodchuck. "I am boiling turnips. I found two in Farmer Gray's turnip patch, and I will put one turnip in your basket if there is room."

Mrs. Striped Chipmunk said there was room, and she started on again, but she had not gone very far when she met a rabbit.

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"Where are you going, Mrs. Striped Chipmunk?" said the rabbit.

"Over to the lame squirrel's house with a bit of Thanksgiving dinner," said Mrs. Striped Chipmunk.

"Just wait a minute," said the rabbit. "I have something I can send, too."

He hopped away to his hole, and he presently came back with a beautiful slice of cabbage and he put it in Mrs. Striped Chipmunk's basket. By this time the basket was very heavy indeed.

Mrs. Striped Chipmunk went on a little farther and she met two young field-mice.

"Where are you going so early in the morning?" said they.

"Just over to the lame squirrel's house with a bit of Thanksgiving dinner," said Mrs. Striped Chipmunk.

Then the two young field-mice whispered together and they said:

"Could you take along an ear of corn, too, Mrs. Striped Chipmunk?"

Mrs. Striped Chipmunk said that she would try, so the field-mice went home and dug up one of their very own winter ears of corn for the lame squirrel's Thanksgiving dinner.

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And now the basket was so very heavy that Mrs. Striped Chipmunk could not lift it, but the two young field-mice said they would help. So they tied their tails to the handle of the basket and pulled, and Mrs. Striped Chipmunk went behind and pushed, and they very soon came to the lame gray squirrel's house.

What do you suppose that little lame squirrel was doing as they rapped at his door? He was trying to nibble a wormy horse-chestnut! It was the only nut he had, and he was crying because he was hungry.

Mrs. Chipmunk emptied her market basket and set the table for him. Then the two young field-mice took his paws and helped him over to the table. And the little lame gray squirrel just ate and ate and ate his Thanksgiving dinner.

IF

If all the little Christmas trees
That live within the wood,
Should say, "We'd rather not be cut."
(You know they really could.)

If all the little waiting socks
Upon a Christmas Eve,
When everyone had gone to bed,
Should turn their toes and leave—

If all the sugar lollypops
Should say they wouldn't pop;
If all the lively jumping jacks
Should quite refuse to hop—

If all the little walking dolls
Should plan to run away;
And all the go-carts really *go*,
Oh, what a Christmas Day!

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But clap your hands and dance and sing,
It never happened yet,
The little socks just stretch themselves
To hold the toys they get.

The lolly-*pops*, the gay Jack hops,
The go-carts always stay,
The walking doll will only walk
When Dear has shown the way.

So wreath the holly, twine the green,
And deck the merry room.
And cheer the little Christmas tree
That always *wants* to bloom.

THE NEST THAT HUNG ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE

THERE was once a little brown nest all made quite neatly and tidily of feathers and straw and hair, and it hung on the tip-top of a little hemlock tree in the deep green woods. And two little brown birds, a mother and a father bird, had made the nest, and they had lived in it. The mother bird had tended the eggs most carefully, and the father bird had tended the mother until the little birds were hatched and able to fly by themselves.

But then the sweet summer was over and the deep green woods had put on the fall. The brown birds flew away to a warmer country, and the brown bird's little birds flew away, too, and they left that neat, tidy little nest all alone at the tip-top of the hemlock tree in the deep woods.

Perhaps you think that an empty nest does not mind being left alone, but it does mind very much. You never could tell how badly that

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little nest felt as it hung and swung all empty and alone, with not a bird anywhere near to sit in it and sing.

There was half of a blue egg shell left inside, and the little nest just hugged that egg shell tightly and wouldn't let it go no matter how hard the wind blew, nor how low the hemlock tree bent in the storms. And after a while the other things in the woods heard how there was a little empty nest in that particular hemlock tree, and how it was lonely, and they all tried to comfort it whenever they passed by.

The brown hare would give such a great leap that he nearly went over the hemlock tree, and he called out:

"Hello, little nest! Keep up your courage. Next April I'll bring you some Easter eggs."

And the little nest would whisper down through the branches rather soberly:

"Thank you, Mr. Hare."

The gray squirrel gave such a jump that he landed, all cheery and chattering, on the very branch where the little nest hung.

"Here are four fat chestnuts. I brought them just for you." And the gray squirrel dropped the chestnuts into the empty nest.

"Thank you, kindly," said the little nest, and

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it really began to feel less empty with four fat chestnuts to hold.

The hemlock tree tried to help, too.

"Stretch out wide, little nest," it said one day when the wind was singing in the branches. "See what I am going to give you!"

And the hemlock tree dropped a whole shower of tiny cones into the nest until it was full to the brim.

"Oh, thank you very much indeed," said the nest.

It began to feel quite happy indeed with its egg shell and four fat chestnuts and so many pretty cones to hold.

Well, the fall stayed a while, and then the snow fell. One night the stars shone brighter than ever and it was Christmas Eve. Then out into the deep woods came the old woodcutter, to find a Christmas tree for Gretel.

Now, it had been a hard winter for the old woodcutter. Sometimes there had not been enough, even, of black bread for them all to eat and so there were no toys or gingerbread to hang upon the Christmas tree for Gretel. There were only the ends of last year's candles.

"But Gretel shall have the tree—that she

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shall," said the old woodcutter as he tramped through the snow, swinging his sturdy axe.

"Oh, cut me!" called the spruce. "Cut me!" whispered the fir. "Cut me!" rustled the pine. They all knew little Gretel and they all wanted to go and see her. But the brown hare and the gray squirrel sprang out in the path.

"Cut the little hemlock tree. Cut the little hemlock!" they cried. So the old woodcutter chopped down the little hemlock tree, and took it carefully home.

"Now I shall see great sights," thought the nest as it hugged its egg shell and its' four fat chestnuts and its cones.

And they set the hemlock tree in a green tub in the middle of the room, and they lighted the ends of last year's candles, and the Grossmutter called:

"Gretel, Gretel, get up and see what St. Nicholas has left for you!"

Then Gretel came dancing out in her white nightgown and nightcap, and she pattered about the bare floor in her bare feet. She clapped her hands, and her eyes shone in the light of last year's candles as she cried:

"The kind St. Nicholas! The good St. Nicholas!"

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But all at once she stood still.

"Where are the toys? He forgot my gifts," she said.

The old woodcutter turned his face away and the Grossmutter wiped a tear from her spectacles.

But Gretel stretched up on the tips of her toes and she spied the little brown nest on the tip-top of the little hemlock tree.

"Oh, Grossmutter, see! St. Nicholas hung a little bird's nest for me on the Christmas tree!"

"So he did, so he did, Gretel," said the old woodcutter as he took the nest down and put it in Gretel's hands, "and see what St. Nicholas left you inside."

"A little bluebird's shell," said Gretel, "and some nuts for us to eat and such pretty cones to make a necklace of. Good St. Nicholas!"

So they roasted the four chestnuts, and Gretel strung the hemlock cones and made a pretty necklace, and it was a very happy Christmas Eve, after all.

The little brown nest? Why, it sat up on the shelf over the mantel by the chimney as proud as ever a nest could be, and not lonely any more, for had it not hung upon a Christmas tree?

THE RAG DOLL'S CHRISTMAS

ONCE upon a time there was a very, very old rag doll, who lived in a nursery. She was so old that she had seen all the children grow up. There was the big boy who wore trousers now; why, the rag doll had known him when he slept in the smallest crib and wore pink flannel night-gowns. There was the big girl, who had her hair in braids now; why, the rag doll had gone to bed with *her* when she wasn't an inch higher than the door knob. There was the middle-sized child, who went to school now; why, the rag doll had been left outdoors all night many a time by the middle-sized child. And, last of all, there was the baby—bless his pink toes! Didn't he take the rag doll to bed with him just the way the other children had so many years ago?

But the rag doll was very, very old, and one very beautiful Christmas time she began to show her age. It began with her back. She had been loved so much and squeezed so much about

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her waist line that some of her sawdust went up, and some of her sawdust went down—and the place where there should have been sawdust was as empty as a well and she could not sit up. Then her toes began to wear off. She had taken so many long walks with the children, bare-footed, that the cloth had begun to wear off her feet, and that was why her toes were coming through. And her hair had come out, dreadfully, and her nose was gone from a great deal of kissing, and her pretty pink cheeks were washed away by the rains at night when she had been left outdoors. The baby didn't notice all these things, but the other toys did, and they made unkind remarks to the rag doll all the week before Christmas.

"Look at your dirty face," said the large French best doll. "You'll be put in the attic after Christmas."

"Look at your dress," said the jumping-jack. "It's all torn. I wouldn't walk across the nursery with you."

"Did you ever see such thin hair," said the hobby-horse. "I thought my tail was thin, but it isn't to be compared with her braid."

The rag doll tried to sit up straight in a corner of the nursery, but her back wouldn't allow

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her to, and her feelings wouldn't, either. She just doubled up until the hole in her face where her nose used to be went right over on her stubby toes, and the sawdust leaked out and trickled down on the floor like tears. She thought about the attic—how cold it was in the winter, and how the mice would come out and nibble her toes. Perhaps she would be put up in the attic to-night. It was Christmas Eve, and there would be a great many new toys coming to the nursery. The nursery was growing very dark. What was that? Perhaps they were coming, now, to take her away.

The nursery door opened, and the Christmas angel came in. You could be perfectly sure that it was the Christmas angel, even if she was wearing a gingham apron, because her face shone so in the dark, and there was a crown around her head, and her wide arms were full of Christmas things. She was carrying Christmas greens, and strings of glass bells, and bags of popcorn, and lollypops, and scarlet candles, and gold and silver balls—all for the Christmas tree. When she had covered the tree with all the Christmas things, and twined the windows with the Christmas greens, she went very quiet-

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ly, so that the baby would not waken, about the nursery, gathering up the old toys.

"The best doll may go up to the attic," the Christmas angel said to herself. "There is a more beautiful new best doll coming."

"Why, the Jack-in-the-Box has forgotten how to jump." You see the Jack-in-the-Box had grown so excited over the rag doll's torn dress that he had broken his spring.

"The Jack-in-the-Box must go up to the attic, too," said the Christmas angel.

Then she went over to where the hobby-horse stood.

"Poor old hobby-horse," she said. "Your leg is very badly broken. I will take you upstairs, too, until we can mend you."

"Now," said the Christmas angel, "the nursery is all straightened, and ready for the toys! But—what is this?"

It was the old rag doll sitting all doubled up in a corner, and the Christmas angel had just seen her.

"Why, you dear old thing," said the Christmas angel. "Here you are, the same little rag doll that I used to play with when I was a little Christmas angel."

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"Am I going up to the attic?" whispered the rag doll through her sawdust tears.

"Going up to the attic!" said the Christmas angel. "I just guess not. You do need a little mending, but I am going to sew you and then you shall sit on the top of the Christmas tree. We could never get along without such an old friend as you."

The Christmas angel lighted one of the Christmas candles to see by and then she took the rag doll in her lap, and opened her work bag. She stuffed her waist with cotton so that she could sit up. She sewed her toes and put on new little stockings and shoes. She took a piece of perfectly white cloth and covered her old dirty face and painted in blue eyes and a smiling red mouth and vermillion cheeks. She sewed on a new yellow wig and then she made a pink and white checked gingham dress with puffed sleeves, and a white apron with strings to keep the dress clean, and a pink and white checked sunbonnet to keep her hair tidy.

"I think you will do, now," said the Christmas angel.

So the old rag doll sat on the tip-top of the Christmas tree. The children thought she was

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quite the most beautiful of all the Christmas things, and all the pleasure of the rag doll's old days were as nothing to the happiness that was hers, now.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

On Christmas Eve, would you believe, the forest
gave a party.

She asked the little squirrels in, and rabbits, fat
and hearty.

She called the bear who slumbered there until
he heard the talking,

And all the little woodchucks came in couples
neatly walking.

She lit the skies to charm their eyes with many
Christmas tapers,

She spread the ground with snowy rugs to help
their merry capers;

She hung a tree for all to see, with frosty chains
and ponpons,

She spread a feast for scores at least, with nuts
and carrot bonbons.

They clapped their paws and joined their claws
and danced in dizzy measure,

And Santa Claus drove home that way and
dropped them each a treasure.

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He gave the bear a lion's share of sweets and
Christmas candy,
The rabbits, bows, and no one knows how fine
they felt and spandy.

Each squirrel found pecans, a pound, the wood-
chucks corn and clover;
And Santa stayed to watch a while until the fun
was over,
On Christmas eve, would you believe? And yet
I think it shocking,
Not one of all the guests who came could hang
a Christmas stocking.

THE LITTLE GREEN ELF'S CHRISTMAS

THE little Green Elf sat in his doorway. He had a very nice house. A long time ago, a rabbit had owned that same hollow tree, but the little Green Elf had lived there for years—ever since the cow ate the old Kobold, his father.

The house was very tidy inside. There was moss for a carpet. In the corner was the cupboard with clean acorn cups and saucers. An empty nest was the little Green Elf's bed, with oak-leaf pillows and spread. Usually, the little Green Elf was a merry fellow, but to-day he was sorrowful.

He sat in a bunch with his hands in his little green pockets. There were holes in his green coat and the wind blew in.

"Pretty sort of weather," he said in a gruff voice, because his throat was sore. "Not much to eat, and no thistle-down to pay the pixies for a new overcoat. Never knew such a year; brooks empty, milk-weed crop failed, no pumpkin seeds

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to be had at any price. The nuts are all covered up with snow. Whew, but it's cold—and Christmas Eve as sure as I live."

"Chee, chee, tee tee, cheel!" The little Green Elf stopped shivering and listened—

"Chee tee tee! Fine night, isn't it? How do you do down below there?"

"It's the lame squirrel," said the little Green Elf. "I thought he must be frozen this bitter weather, or starved. Not a nut has he been able to pick up since he caught his leg in the trap. Hello, up there—how are you?"

"All right," chirped a little voice. "Beautiful weather, isn't it?"

"I'm not so sure," said the elf. "Got anything to eat?"

"Plenty," came the piping voice. "There's fine bark on this tree and I'm chewing an icicle. I'm watching the Christmas trees going into town. Grand sight—you ought to be up here."

The little Green Elf took his hands out of his pockets. He began to whistle softly to himself. Then he took his pine-needle broom and swept the snow out of his house. Next he started off over the snow. He was not gone long. When he came back, he was dragging a hemlock branch. He carried it into the house.

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He stood it up in the middle of the floor. He made so much noise that one of the sleepy crickets woke up.

"What are you doing?" she said, peering in the door.

"Sh!" said the little Green Elf. "It's a Christmas tree for the lame squirrel. Don't tell him."

"Got any fixings for it?" said the cricket.

"Oh, a few," said the little Green Elf. "I'm going to hang on a bag of chestnuts I was saving for dinner to-morrow."

"Hold on," said the cricket. "I'll just waken a few fireflies to be lights on the tree."

A snow-bird fluttered by. "What's going on?" he twittered, looking in the door.

"Sh!" said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the lame squirrel."

"Wait a minute," said the snow-bird. "I'll bring a bunch of wheat to put on the top."

One of the frost fairies peered in. "You seem to be very busy. What are you doing?" she called out.

"Sh!" said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the lame squirrel."

"Oh, let me help," said the frost fairy. "I

THE CHILD ABROAD

know where there is a whole pile of hickory nuts; and I'll put some frost crystals on the branches."

It was certainly a beautiful Xmas tree. The moon came out on purpose to see it. There it stood in the middle of the little Green Elf's parlor. From the top to the bottom it was shining with the fireflies for lights and the frost crystals. The wheat was hung. On every branch there were nuts and there were chains of pine needles.

After it was all finished, the little Green Elf and a friendly pixie went up to fetch the lame squirrel. They were a long time bringing him down. You see, he was so very lame and so hungry that he was weak.

While they were gone, something happened. Nobody ever found out who did it. Perhaps Santa Claus passed by, but wonderful things were left in the little Green Elf's parlor.

When he reached his door with the lame squirrel, he stood still. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep.

The same Xmas tree was there, but it was ten times more beautiful. There were glow-worms, and fallen stars to make it brighter. There were hundreds of nuts, hazel nuts, butternuts, walnuts, chestnuts. There were bags of pumpkin seed and cans of milkweed. Best of all—on

STORIES AND RHYMES

the very tip-top was a green overcoat for the little Green Elf.

All night long the lame squirrel sat up and ate nuts. All night the little Green Elf danced around the Christmas tree in his little green overcoat, and the rest of the wood folk—the pixies, the kobolds, the gnomes, and the fairies, all came out and danced too, they were so glad.

When morning came, the little Green Elf looked out of his door. The sun was shining. He was warm.

"Beautiful weather," he said. "Best Christmas I ever spent!"

"That's so," said the lame squirrel through a mouthful of nuts,

BLESSED CHRISTMAS

How many shining tapers to light a Christmas
tree?

How many toys and dollies for little folks to see?

How many prancing reindeer to dash across the
snow?

How many little stockings all hanging in a row?

How many merry carols, how many presents,
say,

Will make for little children a blessed Christ-
mas day?

Ah, listen, once on Christmas there came a baby
boy,

The stars His Christmas tapers, and mother's
love His joy.

With only hay to wrap Him, and cattle near His
head,

And yet He heard the angels come singing
overhead.

A very little loving, and grateful hearts alway

Will make for little children a blessed Christ-
mas day.

THE CHILD AT HOME



At Home

THE LITTLE PRINCE

ONCE upon a time there was a little prince, who lived in a very beautiful palace. The little prince had everything in the world to make him happy—a beautiful queen mother, and a stable full of ponies, and two or three automobiles, and, oh, such a wonderful playroom all full of toys!

There were trains, and boats, and electric toys, and hobby-horses, and books, and blocks, and balls. Why, you never could have counted the toys, because every toy that had ever been made was in the playroom of the little prince! But in spite of all this the little prince was not happy.

All day long he sat on a silk cushion and would not play. He would not even look at the beautiful playthings. The queen mother sent for the court physician, and the physician felt of the little prince's pulse, and he looked at the little prince's tongue. Then he shook his head and said:

"Your majesty, his royal highness is in a very bad way, indeed. He is in want of a new toy—a perfectly new toy."

STORIES AND RHYMES

The little prince nodded his head. Yes, that was certainly the trouble. He needed something new to play with.

The court messengers were immediately dispatched to scour the country for a perfectly new toy. Now, this was a most difficult errand. The little prince, you know, had already every toy that had ever been invented. The messengers traveled far and wide, but one after another they came home empty-handed, until there was only one left to search.

One morning the last messenger returned. He had brought no toy, but he was leading a little ragged peasant boy, and he said to the queen mother: "Your majesty, there is not a new toy in the world, but I found this peasant child playing quite happily in the woods, and he had strange things with which to play. He brings them in his pockets."

So the peasant boy was taken into the playroom where the little prince sat, so ill, because he could think of nothing to do. The peasant boy looked around him at the wonderful toys, and then he went up to the little prince.

"Should you like to see my soldiers, your highness?" he said.

Then he pulled from his pocket some pretty,

THE CHILD AT HOME

brown, shiny pine-cones, and he stood them up in a row on the floor like so many soldiers.

"Now," said he, "we will shoot them all down."

So he took from another pocket a big red apple, and he rolled it at the soldiers. Bang! down they all went. The little prince jumped up.

"Oh, let me play with you!" he cried.

"Have you any spools or any sticks?" said the peasant boy. "We will build a fort for the soldiers."

So the queen mother fetched all the spools from her sewing-room, while the court physician and all the courtiers cried: "The little prince is well! Knight the peasant boy!"

So they made the peasant boy into a knight, and he and the little prince took all the beautiful toys down to the village and gave them to the other peasant children who had no toys.

Then they went home to the palace, and they played quite happily together all the rest of their boyhood days with quite ordinary things, like spools, and cones, and sticks, and shiny pebbles, which are so much nicer than a great many toys.

TOYS

All up and down the land I go
With mother, making calls,
And sit in chairs so much too high
In strange and different halls,
And cannot think of things to say,
And feel so pleased to start away.

But when we come back home again,
I am so glad to see
The very oldest of the toys
All waiting there for me;
The horse who lost his tail, the blocks,
And all the soldiers in their box.

The hose cart with the broken shaft,
The doll who used to talk;
The little duck who ran so fast,
And, now, can't even walk—
They all are friends, so kind and true,
Because of what they used to do.

THE CHILD AT HOME

And every day when I'm away,
I think they miss me so;
I really should not leave them once—
They're sensitive, I know.
And just to comfort them a mite,
I take them all to bed at night.

THE NAUGHTY BOY

I threw my bread and butter,
Oh, I slammed the nursery door,
And all my pleasant playthings
Are lying on the floor.

But now it's growing dusky,
I am sitting all alone;
Not any one will speak to me
Because of what I've done.

The sun behind the orchard
Has hurried off to see
If all the little Indians
Are naughty boys like me.

Oh, mother, come and kiss me,
Don't look so very sad;
I'll pick up every single toy,
I'm sorry I was bad.

THE RAGGEDY DOLL

When the nursery blinds are all fastened and
tight,
When the curtains are drawn and it's not at all
light,
When my mother has kissed me and hurried
away,
And I hear them downstairs very busy and gay—
Then the raggedy doll in her calico dress
Comes creepity creep from the nursery press.
She remembers I'm little and lonely, I guess.

Oh, she never comes out through the sunshiny
day,
For the fellows and I don't take dolls out to
play;
But she waits till the football and bat are asleep,
And she picks up her skirts and comes creepity
creep,
Does the raggedy doll in her raggedy clothes
With holes in her elbows and holes in her toes,
And her sawdust all dripping wherever she goes.

STORIES AND RHYMES

Then the grizzly black bear who hides back of
the door

Goes a-slinking away, and the imps on the floor,
Who will chatter and point till I cover my head,
Go a-scrampering off—there's quite nothing to
dread—

For the raggedy doll waves her raggedy arm
To keep little me very safe from all harm,
And she climbs in the crib and lies down, soft
and warm!

Oh, what if she's dirty, and really a sight,
And exceedingly old—she's my comfort at night
As she snuggles beside me so staunch and so
true,

With her battered old head close to my head.

Have you

A raggedy doll just as loving and dear,
So very untidy and homely and queer,
But quite sure to be round when you need some
one near?

THE LONESOMEST DOLLIE

The poor little lonesomest dollie, with ruffles
and ribbons and bows,
And feathers and tulle on her leghorn, and
pretty blue boots on her toes,
A dress that is covered with roses, and buttons on
truly, I think,
And over her shoulders a mantle all satin and
velvet and pink.
I peeped and I saw her white stockings and
petticoats, made out of lace;
The poor little lonesomest dollie, who lives in an
ugly glass case.

Of course they don't wish me to touch her. I
stand and look in from the street,
And choose one or two of the others, but none of
them all is as sweet.
At night when it's dark in the city, do they run
about in the shop?
And she may just stand on her wire and rustle
and smile without stop.

STORIES AND RHYMES

You poor little dear, I'm so sorry. Just see how
she reaches her hands!

She aching for someone to love her, and no one
may reach where she stands.

Now, Susan is my oldest dollie. She's over a
hundred or more,

And she says the loneliest dollie was there
years ago at that store.

Oh, Santa, or fairy godmother, why can't you
just buy her to-day,

And give her to some one to comfort and cuddle
and teach how to play?

Yes, Susan, you always were homely, and now
you have dents in your face,

But shouldn't you rather be loved, dear, than
live all your days in a case?

DINAH

All of the dolls are asleep for the night,
Their eyes are shut—they are tucked in tight.
The nursery is straightened—there's nothing
to do,
Oh, Dinah, my dear, but to just hold you.

You are not very clean and your dress is torn,
Your arm is loose and your heels are worn,
But, Dinah, my dear, ever since I was small
I've loved you much more than the rest,
that's all.

There isn't a doll who is able to play,
And never get hurt, dear, like you all day.
And when it comes night, and there's no one
about,
My prayers are said and the lights are out.

Oh, then do you think, in your little rag head,
A-snuggling so close to me there in bed,
It's nice to be loved the way I love you?
Oh, Dinah, my dear, I am sure you do.

GRANDMAMA'S DOLL'S BED

Away at the back of the big attic chest,
Where none of us children may see,
Except when we've been most unusually good
And grandmama comes with the key
And lifts up the lid, there's a queer little bed,
All corded in squares from the foot to the head.

A wee feather bed with a blue and white tick,
A bolster all fluffy and fat,
Two small yellow sheets that dear grandmama
sewed,
And spun first of all—think of that!
And, tucked in so smoothly and laid with such
care,
The turkey-red quilt that she pieced, every
square.

Yes, Rosalie, look; but be sure you don't touch.
You never may lie in that bed.
There once was a dollie who slept there at night,
A dear corn-cob doll, grandma said,

THE CHILD AT HOME

With husks for her hoop-skirts, and berry-juice
eyes
That stared from the pillow so round and so
wise.

Now, you have a cradle, all hung with real lace;
And you have a brass bedstead, too;
But don't you just long for a turkey-red quilt?
Yes, Rosalie, surely you do!
But only just peep at it, grandmama said—
Her queer little corded-up four-poster bed!

THE SOLDIER

I had a pewter soldier,
All painted red and black,
But long ago he marched away;
Oh, when will he come back?
The grown folks say I lost him,
They're always sure they know,
But far away from this his home
He went to fight the foe.

And when the war is over
And all the rest are dead,
I'll find him in a box somewhere,
Or underneath my bed;
His pretty colors faded
From sleeping in a tent,
But, oh, the things he'll have to tell,
Of countries where he went.

THE TRUMPET

It was shiny and red, was my little tin trumpet,
Five of my pennies I had to pay.
I blew and I blew as I marched up the roadway,
Till, all in a minute, it would not play.
Oh, I've looked in my pockets and every corner,
I've asked all the grown folks, but they don't
know,
When you blow and you blow on a little tin
trumpet,
Wherever the toots of a tin trumpet go.

I never once cried, but I felt so much like it.
I hope there's a land, though it's far away,
Where all of your toy things are happy and
mended,
And poor little broken tin trumpets play.
Five of my pennies, and just one day's blowing!
Perhaps when I grow to be *six* I'll know,
When you blow and you blow on a little tin
trumpet,
Wherever the toots of a tin trumpet go.

CAMPING

I took a sheet and pillow case
From off the trundle bed,
And built a little camp of chairs,
And roof above my head;
And just outside my tent's thin door
I planted blocks, a box or more.

I had the sheep to live inside
And be my mate at mess,
I tied the horse a ways outside
With sixteen knots, no less;
And then I packed the dollic's trunk,
And rolled a shawl to make my bunk.

I pinned the tent flaps to the rug,
I pulled the nursery shade,
And crept inside and lay a while
And shook and was afraid;
But still I could not run away
Because the sheep would rather stay.

THE CHILD AT HOME

We heard a noise of quiet steps,
So stealthy, on the stair.
I asked the sheep what could it be;
He said, "It is a *bear*."
And so I pulled my belt more tight
And took a sword quite sharp and bright,
And crept beneath a little way to meet it in its
den;
I watched to see the glary eyes and feel the
breath, and then—
It was *Amanda* calling me to wash my face and
come to tea.

THE CHARGE OF THE HOBBY-HORSE

Up stirrup and saddle! To boot and away!
The old hobby-horse makes his last charge
to-day.

On high floats a wisp of his tail in the breeze,
Now tie on his loose leg and bandage his knees,
And glue on that left ear. He waits no delay,
Up stirrup and saddle! To boot and away!

To arms, ye tin soldiers! Patrol the back stairs!
All kittens and puppies, begone—have a care!
The old garden trail is the road he will take.
On, on to the barn. Will he stand? Will he
break?

And what will become of his loose hanging hair?
Ah, whisper it softly. He'll drop it somewhere.

The autos and bicycles, lying around,
Retreat from their posts. It was his trysting
ground.
Stand back, red express wagon! Think how he
feels.

THE CHILD AT HOME

He makes his last stand. He cavorts, and he
wheels.

He prances, he snorts. He will leap. He will
bound.

But—his rockers drop off with a sad, wooden
sound.

Up stirrup and saddle! To boot and away!
The old hobby-horse takes his attic-ward way.
Now carry him tenderly. Pat him, and see
To finding his pieces, and giving him tea.
Up stirrup and saddle! Hip, hip—and hooray!
The old hobby-horse, and his last charge so gay!

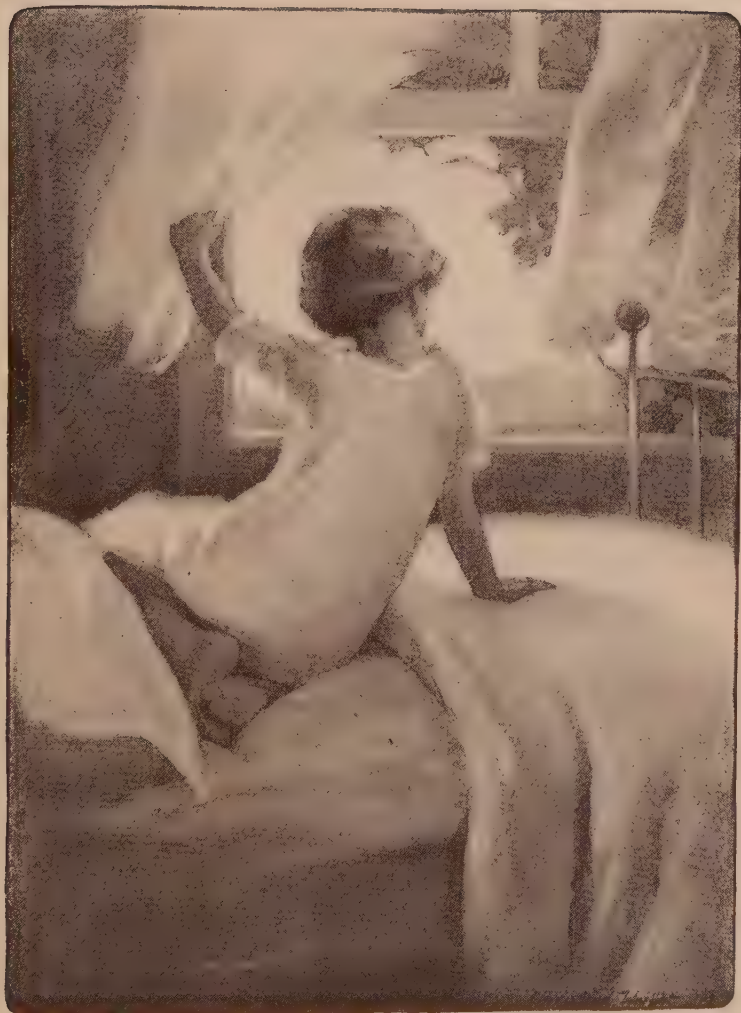
CONTENT

You never can tell, when you jump out of bed,
What kind of a day there is lying ahead;
For whether it's taffy or making mud pies,
You'll always be sure of a pleasant surprise.

Sometimes it's a circus or maybe a ride,
A hand-organ man with his monkey beside,
A place to play house that you never had found,
Or tea in the orchard, all spread on the ground.

From morning till evening, each hour of the day,
Is filled full of fun in a wonderful way;
And if there are lessons and errands to run,
The faster you hurry the sooner you're done.

And whether it's summer, when all the long day
A child may stay out in the garden at play,
Or whether it's winter with tea time at five,
A child should be ever so glad he's alive.



What kind of a day is there lying ahead?

A TRUE FAIRY TALE

EVERYONE was going to the party of the little prince. It was not often that the wonderful palace, with its gold rooms and flowers and music and soft lights, was opened. But the little prince was lonely, so he decided to give a party.

Every child in the village was invited, and it was said that the little prince would ask a village child to sit beside him at the head of the table, so it would be a very great occasion indeed.

The burgomaster's child was to wear a pink silk dress, and the high chamberlain's child a blue cloak all spangled with stars. The merchant's child was to have a dress of cloth of gold, and the shoemaker's child was to wear bronze boots. They were all going—all save Little Sister.

Little Sister lived in the smallest house in the village. You could see just the tip of the red chimney from the palace. She was so very poor that all day long she gathered wheat into bundles for her grandmother, and weeded the garden,

STORIES AND RHYMES

and scrubbed the floor, and helped everybody in the village. But she had no fine clothes to wear to a party.

At last the great day came, and all the children went up to the palace—the burgomaster's child, and the high chamberlain's child, and the others. The little prince, in his velvet and lace, met them.

"Is every child here?" he asked of them.

"Little Sister couldn't come," said one. "She was gathering wheat, and she had no party dress."

"She was too late," said the shoemaker's child. "I sent her home to fetch a new shoelace for me. Mine broke."

"She is much too dirty to come in," said the merchant's child. "She sits outside by the gate, crying."

The little prince hurried down the steps and through the garden to the gate. Yes, there was Little Sister, but her dress was quite clean, for her tears had washed away all the dirt.

"You are to come in to my party," said the little prince, "and sit beside me at the table."

And he took Little Sister's hand and led her in.

MOTHER'S LITTLE GIRL

Mother knows a little girl,
Mother won't tell who—
Helps with all the many things
Mother has to do.
Sings to baby when he cries,
Builds his shaky blocks,
Irons grandma's handkerchiefs,
Folds up father's socks.
Picks the berries, dusts the hall
Neat as neat can be,
Draws out grandpa's easy chair,
Sets the plates for tea.
Buttons Little Sister's dress,
Lets her come and play
When another little girl
Sometimes runs away.
Mother knows a little girl,
Don't you wish you knew
Which it is who helps her so?
Mother won't tell who.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO HAD A PICNIC

ONCE upon a time there was a very little boy in kilts, and short stockings, and a big straw hat—and he started away, all alone, one day, without even telling his mother, because he wanted to have a picnic. And before he went he filled his pockets with cookies from the pantry and apples from the cellar, and he put some nuts in his blouse, and he did not ask any one to go with him, because he had decided to have a picnic all by himself.

As he went out of the garden gate, his little gray cat followed him, and rubbed, purring, against his legs, saying:

“Mew, mew!—may I go, too?”

“Scat!” said the little boy. “Didn’t you know that I was going to have a picnic all by myself?”

As he hurried down the lane, his little dog Towser ran on at his heels, for Towser smelled the cookies, but the little boy gave Towser a little kick, and he said:

THE CHILD AT HOME

"Go 'way, Towser! Didn't you know that I was going to have a picnic all alone?"

Then after a while the little boy came as far as the woods, and there he saw a squirrel whisking his tail and frisking about among the dry leaves. The squirrel smelled the little boy's nuts, and he came up close, and he chattered: "Chee, chee! Nuts for me?"

"No, sir," said the little boy, running away fast from the squirrel. "Didn't you know that I was going to have a picnic all by myself?"

And then the little boy took out some of his cookies and apples and began to eat them.

But just then there came along a second little boy, and a little girl, and they had a very fine basket between them.

"What a nice little boy!" cried the little girl—"and what are you doing here all by yourself? Do you like to play alone?"

"I am having a picnic," said the little boy in the big straw hat.

"Why, so are we," said the second little boy. "But it isn't any fun having a picnic alone. Will you have some of our sandwiches?"

So they all ate sandwiches from the lunch basket and then the little boy offered the other little boy and girl some of his apples and cookies and

STORIES AND RHYMES

nuts, and you can't think what a good time they all had. After a while it was late in the day, so they all said good-bye, and the little boy in the big straw hat started home.

On the way he met the same red squirrel, and the squirrel said: "Did you have a nice picnic, little boy?"

"Yes, indeed," said the little boy, "and here is a nut for you."

"Bow, wow!" said Towser, running down the road. "Are you coming home, now?"

"Yes, Towser," said the little boy, "and here is a cookie for you."

And at the garden gate stood the little boy's mother.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"I went away to have a picnic all by myself," said the little boy, "but I found out that the best fun is to have a picnic with somebody else."

THE BAKER

Some day when I'm big and they let me choose
The man I should like to be,
I think I shall ride in the baker's cart,
And stop with the rolls for tea.

Away up the road will I drive along,
My bells going *jingly jing*,
Till somebody calls from a kitchen door,
"Wait, wait, may I buy something?"

I'll stop and I'll whoa, and I'll lift the lid,
And hand out the bread and cake.
You never could count, if you tried all day,
The number of cents I'll take.

Then on goes the horse, for he knows the way,
While I'm eating up the pies.
I've always been sure that the baker eats
The things that nobody buys.

STORIES AND RHYMES

Oh, some of the boys will go off to a war,
Brave soldiers they'd like to be—
But I shall come driving the baker's cart,
And bringing your rolls for tea.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE A SOLDIER

THERE was once a little boy who lived in the attic part of a very tall house in a very great city. He lived with his grandmother and he sat all day by the little round attic window, quite alone, for his grandmother went out every morning to work in other houses. There was not very much to see from the window, except the gray pigeons with their pink, pink feet, and their sweet cooing voices, that hopped up on the window sill. But there was the sky with its stars at night and its blue in the daytime; and there was a square down below that the little boy had never walked across because he had a crooked little back and was quite, quite lame. So he sat very patiently by the window and watched the children going past to school, and talked to the pigeons, and really did a very great deal to help his grandmother.

She went away early in the morning, but before she started she put the tea kettle over the

STORIES AND RHYMES

fire, and the little boy washed the breakfast things and dried all the cups, and wheeled his chair over to the cupboard and hung them up. Then he carefully dusted all the places he could reach, and watered the marigold that grew in a pot in the window. The attic looked as fine and tidy as a palace when the little boy had finished, and then he wheeled back to the window and began his own day's work, for he was a busy little boy. He had a bag of beautiful calico pieces and a thimble and a needle, and his grandmother had taught him how to make holders. Sometimes he could finish one in a day, very round and fine, with a brass ring to hang it up. You see, people bought his holders for five cents apiece.

While the little boy sewed, he looked down in the square and watched the children playing marbles, and he wished that he could play marbles, too. He watched the soldiers parading by, and that was the best of all. Oh, but they were fine, in red coats, and gold lace, and the music of the band was beautiful. They marched by nearly every day, and the little boy wanted more than anything to be a soldier.

He had wished that ever since he could remember, to be a soldier and march in a parade!

THE CHILD AT HOME

And when he thought how he never could be a soldier because of his crooked back, sometimes he cried a little bit, and his thread would knot, and his needle would stick. You see, he was such a little boy, and he was so lame.

"Coo-roo, coo-roo," called the pigeons one morning. "How do you do, little boy? The sun is up and it is a good day for crumbs. We're off to the square, and we can't stay any longer. We wish that you could come, too."

"Even the pigeons go," said the little boy to himself. "I wish someone would carry me down. Too-toot! Tum-te-tum! There come the soldiers."

And the little boy leaned as far as he was able over the window sill and waved the red holder he was sewing and shouted:

"Hurrah, hurrah! Here I am in the attic window. Hurrah!"

But they marched right on as if they had not heard, so the little boy took up his needle again.

Someone had heard, though. At the very end of the parade marched the old soldier, very slowly because he was tired. It was he who had looked up at the attic window, and he who had seen the little red flag waving.

"No one will ever miss me," said the old sol-

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dier, as he dropped out of the line and crossed the square and climbed the attic stairs.

"May I come in?" he asked, as he rapped at the door. "And may I sit down a minute?" he said, taking off the hat with the gold cord and tassel.

A real, live soldier in a long blue cloak in the attic! The little boy was too excited to say a word, but the old soldier pulled a chair close to the window and picked up the red holder.

"This is a very good holder," said the old soldier. "Did you sew it yourself?"

"Yes, I did," said the little boy. "I make them every day and they sell for five cents. You may have that one if you like. I never saw a soldier so close before. I've always wanted to be a soldier more than anything."

"Thank you, very much, sir," said the old soldier. "And you say you would like to be a soldier?"

"Oh, but I never could," said the little boy. "You see I have a crooked back, and I never go down to the square."

"But you make holders," said the old soldier, "and you keep the barracks clean, and, I take it, you help about getting mess."

THE CHILD AT HOME

(The little boy had the potatoes boiling for dinner.)

"You don't have to march, you know, always. A man is honorably discharged if he's wounded in battle."

"I have a flag at home," went on the old soldier. "It's quite faded and it's full of bullet holes, for we carried it through the enemy's ranks. I think, if you don't object, that I'll hang your holder at home beside my flag, sir."

"I should like to leave you something to remember me by," went on the old soldier. "Because I'm very proud to have met you."

He took off his long blue cloak and wrapped it around the little boy.

"This is for you to wear," he said.

"I'm in the ranks, sir," he said, as he went out the door, "but you're a general on the reviewing stand up here in the attic. You don't have to wish any more to be a soldier. You *are* a soldier, sir."

So the little boy sits by the window and the pigeons visit him on the sill, but the thread never knots now and the needle never sticks. The old soldier's cloak hangs over the chair, and the little boy knows that he, too, is a soldier.

THE POT OF GOLD

THERE was once a child, and all day long he moulded clay pots. The clay he dug from the earth, and his father was most skilful at shaping it, but the boy's fingers were less deft. He used often to look up from his wheel at the village boys, playing, and he longed to join them, and as he looked the clay would crack and lump, so after a while he learned to never look up at all.

One day there came news to the potter's yard that the king was in need of a great gold pot in which to plant his roses. All the potters in the kingdom were busy moulding, and shaping their most beautiful pots, and mixing fine gold with which to refine them. The boy had no gold, but he began a new pot with the others.

"It never will do for the king," he said, as he tried to smooth the rough edges, and shape the sides, "but perhaps he will be willing to put his hands on it as he passes by."

But just then the boy's father called him:

THE CHILD AT HOME

"Come, my lad, drop your work," he said. "I need your help at my wheel for a while."

So the boy set down his own pot, and helped his father.

When he had finished, a beggar stopped at the gate and asked for a drink of water, so the boy brought him a drink from the well.

By this time it was high noon, and the boy went back to his own work. Try, as hard as he might, the clay would not grow smooth and round as a beautiful pot should be.

"Well," said his father. "If we could only go as far as the end of that rainbow we might find a gold pot fit for the king."

It had been raining, and over the sky stretched a wonderful rainbow. The boy set down his poor, ill-shapen pot.

"A pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!"

He must find it for the king!

He started away from the yard, and down the road, following the great curve of the rainbow. It was a long journey, and the end seemed always farther away. The rainbow led the boy over bog, and mire, and marsh, and hill. At last it ended in a valley, and there was no rainbow in the sky for the setting sun was shining brightly, and there was no pot of gold.

STORIES AND RHYMES

So the boy started home again, and very foot-sore and weary he was before he reached a hill which overlooked the town. He stopped for a moment to rest, and he suddenly saw a great crowd coming from the town. At the front rode the king on his white horse, and he carried high in his arms a gold pot, planted full of red roses. But what a strange, ill-shapen pot! The boy looked again. Yes, it was his poor pot that the king had chosen, and the setting sun had turned it to the purest gold.

GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother, dear, is a very old lady,
Grandmother, dear, can't see.
But when she is tired of using her spectacles,
Grandmother's eyes—are *me*.

Grandmother, dear, is a very old lady,
Sometimes, she never hears;
But I always run when the postman comes
ringing,
I can be grandmother's ears.

Grandmother, dear, likes houses all tidy,
Everything dusted and neat;
So I work with my little red broom and my
duster.
I can be grandmother's feet.

Grandmother, dear, is a very old lady,
Can't walk, and can't hear, and can't see,
But nobody ever had half such fun playing,
As grandmother, dear, and me.

THE CAT WHO LOST HERSELF

THERE was once a small gray tabby cat, who lived with a nice little old lady in a little red cottage down a lane. The gray tabby cat was sleek, and fat, and well fed. She had a bit of carpet behind the stove to sleep upon at night. She drank her milk from a china bowl. She wore a blue ribbon around her neck, and she had her very own patch of catnip growing in the garden.

But, for all that, one day the small gray tabby cat decided that she wished to go out by herself to see the world.

"Mew, mew," she said to the little old lady. "I think I will go for a little walk."

"Very well," said the little old lady as she opened the garden gate to let the small gray cat through, "but be sure you come home by tea time, puss."

"Mew, mew, that I will," said the small gray tabby cat, and off down the lane she trotted to see the world.

THE CHILD AT HOME

She went to the end of the lane and through a woods. She never touched a bird or a squirrel all the way because she was a well-bred gray tabby cat, and after a while she came to town.

Now the town was full of streets, and houses, and back fences, oh, so many back fences, and the small gray tabby cat started walking along the back fences to find a place to stop for dinner. She had come a long way, you see, and the sun was high in the sky, and she was beginning to feel hungry.

But the back fences were very long, and one ran into the next, and after a great deal of traveling, when the small gray tabby cat had walked along the back fences for miles and miles, she looked around and she did not know where she was. She had lost herself!

She met a large yellow tommy cat, and she said to him:

"Oh, tommy cat, do you know the way to the little red cottage in the lane?"

"What do you mean by walking along my back fence?" asked the tommy cat in a deep, gruff, spitting voice, arching his back, and making his yellow tail big and bushy. And that was all the reply that the tommy cat made.

STORIES AND RHYMES

The small gray tabby cat went along a little farther, and she saw a little black dog.

"Oh, little black dog," she mewed, "do you know the way to the little red cottage in the lane?"

"Bow, wow, wow!" said the little black dog so loudly that the small gray tabby cat nearly fell off the back fence; and that was all the little black dog said.

So the small gray tabby cat went along a little farther, and she decided to jump off the fence, and mew at a kitchen door.

The kitchen door opened, and the small gray tabby cat walked inside. It was a very clean kitchen, and there was a fine smell of things cooking on the stove, but alas! There was a strange sort of a child there.

"Come, pussy, pussy!" cried the child, and it lifted that little gray tabby cat—not by her paws, gently—but by her tail! And the child carried the tabby cat by her tail upstairs to see its mother. Then the child tied papers to the tabby cat's paws to see her jump about, and the child never offered her anything to eat.

"This is not the kitchen for me!" thought the small gray tabby cat, and the first time the door

THE CHILD AT HOME

was opened she ran out, and she jumped up to the back fence, and she started on again.

Presently she came to another house, and she mewed at the kitchen door, and this second door opened, and she went inside. There was a child in this kitchen, too, but it was a different sort of child entirely from the first one.

"See the poor little lost cat," said the second child, "all dirty and hungry! You shall have some milk. Good little pussy!"

Then the child stroked the small gray tabby cat—not rubbing her fur the wrong way—and fixed her ribbon, and gave her a saucer of milk, and never once touched her tail.

"Purr, purr," sang the small gray tabby cat. "Thank you! I wish I might stay here in this house a little longer, but I must hurry home. My mistress said to be back by tea-time."

"All right," said the child, opening the kitchen door again. "Good-bye, pussy, and come again."

Now when the small gray tabby cat was outside she looked about her, and she found out a funny thing. She had walked along so many back fences that she had come back nearly at the place where she started. There, just ahead, was the lane that led to the little red cottage. She was not lost any more, so she trotted along home.

STORIES AND RHYMES

The little old lady stood at the gate waiting for her.

"You took a long walk," said the little old lady, "and what did you do with yourself all day, puss?"

"Mew, mew! I found out that there are two sorts of children," said the small gray tabby cat. "One sort of child pulls your tail, and the other sort does not."

"Well, that was worth your day," said the little old lady, "to find that out. Now will you come in to tea?"

"Mew, mew, that I will," said the small gray tabby cat, and she went in, and she drank some more milk from her own little china bowl.

BILLY BOY'S BREAKFAST

THERE was once a little boy called Billy boy, and he lived with a lady called mother dear, and they had a wee house of their own all covered with vines and red roses, and the house was called Our Home.

One morning, very early, Billy boy awoke, and he loked out of his window through the vines and he saw that it was a fine sunshiny morning. So Billy boy hopped out of bed, and he shouted: "Mother dear, the sun is up, and I should like you to bake me a cake for my breakfast."

But mother dear called back sorrowfully from the kitchen: "Ah, Billy boy, I find nothing in the cupboard with which to make a cake. Put on your blue doublet, and your hose and your winged sandals and make haste to the Sign of the Currant Bun (for that was the name of the bake shop), and say politely to the baker:

"One tin of waffles, all crispy and sweet,
That mother and Billy their breakfast may eat."

STORIES AND RHYMES

So Billy boy put on his blue doublet and his hose and he strapped his winged sandals very tightly upon his feet, and he hastened to the Sign of the Currant Bun. But when he reached there and asked the baker politely for some waffles, the baker shook his head, and replied, as he pointed to his empty barrels:

“Haste to the miller, so tidy and neat,
For flour for the waffles all crispy and sweet,
That mother and Billy for breakfast would
eat.”

So Billy hurried through the lanes and the highways so fast with his winged sandals that you never could have kept up with him, and at last he came to the mill by the river. But the mill's sails were resting, and the miller stood in the doorway with his arms folded. When Billy boy asked him for the flour he shook his head, and he said as he pointed to his empty hopper:

“Fruit of the meadow, and bloom of the wheat,
Must come to the miller so tidy and neat,
For flour for the waffles all crispy and sweet,
That mother and Billy for breakfast would
eat.”

THE CHILD AT HOME

So Billy hurried on farther to find where the wheat grew. As he went he came to a red cow who was sadly *mooing* because some one had forgotten to let down her pasture bars.

“Moo, moo, moo,
I want breakfast, too,”

said the cow. So Billy boy stopped, although he was in a great hurry, and he let down the bars for the red cow.

Then he hurried on, but before he had gone much farther, he met a black hen who was clucking and clucking because she was shut out of the chicken yard:

“Plenty of corn for the rooster and duck,
But I can’t get in. Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!”

said the black hen.

Billy boy stopped and opened the gate of the chicken yard to let the black hen through.

Then he hurried on, and he soon knew by the bang, bang of the threshers’ flails and the swish, swish of the mowers’ scythes that he had come to the fields where the wheat grows.

STORIES AND RHYMES

"Fruit of the meadow and bloom of the wheat,
To give to the miller so tidy and neat,
For flour for the waffles all crispy and sweet,
That mother and Billy for breakfast would
eat,"

called Billy boy very loudly. So the threshers gave Billy boy a big bag of grain. He slung it over his shoulder and started away again. As he went he passed the meadow where the red cow was eating grass, and she said to him:

"Moo, moo, moo,
Here is milk for you,"

and she gave Billy boy a great bowl of rich milk for his breakfast.

Billy boy thanked the red cow and he went a little farther until he came to the black hen pecking corn in the chicken yard.

She ran to the gate and called out:

"Cut, cut, ca-da-cut, cluck, cluck, cluck!
Here is one egg from me and one from the
duck."

So Billy boy thanked the hen, and put one egg in each pocket, and he went on and on until he

THE CHILD AT HOME

came to the mill. The miller poured the wheat into his hopper and started the sails with a rattety bang. Out came a sackful of beautiful white flour, which Billy boy carried to the Sign of the Currant Bun. Then the baker made haste to fetch his mixing bowl and to light his ovens, and in a twinkling there was a "tin of waffles all crispy and sweet."

So Billy boy took the waffles and the bowl of milk and the eggs to Our Home.

There was mother dear waiting in the door, so they sat down at their little round table, and they ate their good breakfast of waffles and eggs and milk.

HOW BILLY BOY GOT HIS WINGED SANDALS

ONCE Billy boy had only a pair of black boots for his feet. They would have done very well for some little boys, but they did not seem to do at all for Billy boy. Perhaps the black boots did not fit him, but whenever he put them on—*click, click*, went the heels—*stub, stub*, went the toes, and off they led Billy boy a chase until they made him run away from home, or they made him tumble down and bump his nose, or they made him chase a butterfly so long that he was late for school, or, worst of all, they made him forget his errand that mother dear had asked him to do.

So one day mother dear said: "Ah, Billy boy, you need some new shoes. Your black boots are worn to a shoe string, and they have served you but ill. Go to the shoemaker and tell him that mother dear says he must make you a pair of little winged sandals."

So Billy boy started for the shoemaker's, and

THE CHILD AT HOME

as he went the words kept singing themselves over and over to him:

“Ready and fleet
For Billy boy’s feet—
A pair of little winged sandals.”

The shoemaker was a little old man in spectacles, very brown and wrinkled, and he sat all day cross-legged in his window piecing his uppers and measuring his soles. Not a scrap of leather was wasted in his shop. As Billy boy came nearer, he heard the shoemaker singing:

“Rap-a-tap; rap-a-tap,
Tic, tac, tee,
Here a nail, there a nail; one, two, three,
Wax an end, stitch and bend, shape the shoe—
See a pair lying there, stiff and new.”

“Please Mr. Shoemaker,” said Billy boy, “the black boots are worn to a shoestring, and I should like some shoes that will do errands and take me to school, and not run away, or tumble down. Have you

“Ready and fleet
For Billy boy’s feet,
A pair of little winged sandals?”

STORIES AND RHYMES

"Winged sandals?" asked the shoemaker, peering over his spectacles—"Ah, but those are magic shoes, and not a bit of leather have I for them. You must go farther. The spotted cow that eats gold hay must give you a bit of her coat before I can make you a pair of winged sandals."

"Where shall I find the spotted cow?" asked Billy boy.

"Alack, that I can't tell you, you must find for yourself," said the little old shoemaker, crossing his legs again, and humming as he hammered:

"Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap,
Tic, tac, tee,
Here a nail, there a nail, one, two, three."

"Now I wonder how I shall find the spotted cow," thought Billy boy, as he started on again. "Of course she would never be in a common pasture. I must go a long, long way farther on."

So Billy boy went a long way farther, and he passed the shops and the gardens and the pig pens and the cow pastures, but he saw no spotted cow and he was far from home. At last he came to a great hay field and he was so very tired that he sat down under a hay cock to rest. But he had scarcely seated himself when he heard a voice say:

THE CHILD AT HOME

"Hay in my teeth, and hay all about,
Please, little boy, pull me out, pull me out."

"Now who may that be?" wondered Billy boy, but just then he saw a hay rake buried under the stack of hay, so he pulled it out, and it stood up and began raking the field quite by itself.

"Thank you so much, little boy," said the hay rake. "I don't know how long I should have had to stay under there if you had not come along."

"You are very welcome, sir," said Billy boy to the hay rake, for Billy boy knew his manners. "Do you happen to have seen the spotted cow near here?"

"There she is, yonder, in her marble barn," said the hay rake, pointing its handle to the next pasture. So Billy boy climbed the bars to the next pasture and sure enough there was a marble barn. Inside, in a silver stall, was a beautiful white cow with red spots, and she was drinking water from a china bowl all painted with pink clovers.

"Oh, spotted cow," said Billy boy. "Will you give me a bit of your coat, that I may give it to the little old shoemaker, and he may cut and sew me a pair of winged sandals?"

STORIES AND RHYMES

"That I could not do," said the spotted cow, "until you fetch me a bale of gold hay."

Then Billy boy looked round and round, but he could see no gold hay, so he started away again feeling very sad. But as he went through the field he met the busy hay rake and it stopped its work and said: "What is the matter, little boy?"

"Oh, hay rake," said Billy boy. "I must have a bale of gold hay to give to the spotted cow, that she may give me a piece of her coat, that I may give it to the little old shoemaker and he may make me a pair of winged sandals."

"Take hold of my handle and rake in the sunshine," said the hay rake. So Billy boy took the hay rake and began raking in a sunny spot in the field and wherever he touched the hay—a magic thing happened. It turned to bright, red gold.

So Billy boy gathered a bale of the gold hay and took it to the spotted cow. The spotted cow gave him a shiny, soft piece of her coat, and Billy boy took the leather to the little old shoemaker. Then the shoemaker got out his best tools, and he cut and smippeted and pieced and tapped, until there stood in his window:

THE CHILD AT HOME

Ready and fleet
For Billy boy's feet,
A pair of little winged sandals.

Then Billy boy put the sandals on and went home. After that no one could do an errand as quickly as he, or go to school so fast and the sandals never ran away with him or made him tumble down.

TWO DAYS

Whenever the little folks quarrel and pout,
So surely a wee cloud comes hurrying out
To cover a part of the shining blue sky.
'Twill be a wet day when you wanted it fair,
And someone will get such a drenching some-
where.
So why should one quarrel and pout; tell me
why?

Whenever the little folks frolic and smile,
The sky will stay blue for a very long while.
The thrushes and bluebirds will carol so gay;
And, somewhere, a rosebud will open out wide.
No prettier day could you find if you tried
Than this. So we'll smile and be merry, always.

THE KING'S JEWEL

ONCE upon a time, a great many years ago, a king lost the wonderful white jewel that had been set in the front of his crown. No one knew when it had dropped out nor where to look for it, and, although the king's courtiers were sent here and there through the kingdom to hunt for the missing gem—not one of them was able to find it.

It had been a most beautiful jewel, as clear as a morning dew drop, and as many sided as a prism. The king was not content, nor would he put on his crown again until as lovely a jewel had been found to replace the one which was lost.

So he sent for his most trusted messenger, and he said to him:

"Go, quickly! Search all the jewel shops in the kingdom. Look carefully in all the houses, and visit the mines. Do not return to me until you have found a gem for my crown. A prize shall be yours if you are able to replace the one which I have lost."

STORIES AND RHYMES

The messenger started out on his quest, but he looked in vain for many long months. Not a jewel shop did he miss, nor a mine in all the kingdom, and he even crossed the seas to other lands. He found many jewels, but none so lovely as the one which the king had lost. It must be quite without flaw, he knew, and here would be a speck in one, and another would have a blemish in the cutting.

At last the messenger started on his journey home to tell the king that there were rubies and emeralds, and sapphires to be bought, but no stone as pure and clear as the one which was lost.

The messenger's way lay through the streets of the city, and as he journeyed he came upon a child who sat by the roadside, crying.

"Why do you weep, little one?" asked the messenger.

"Because I struck my brother," said the child. "He took my toy, and now he is gone away, and I do not want the toy any more."

"But you are sorry, are you not—that you struck him?" asked the messenger.

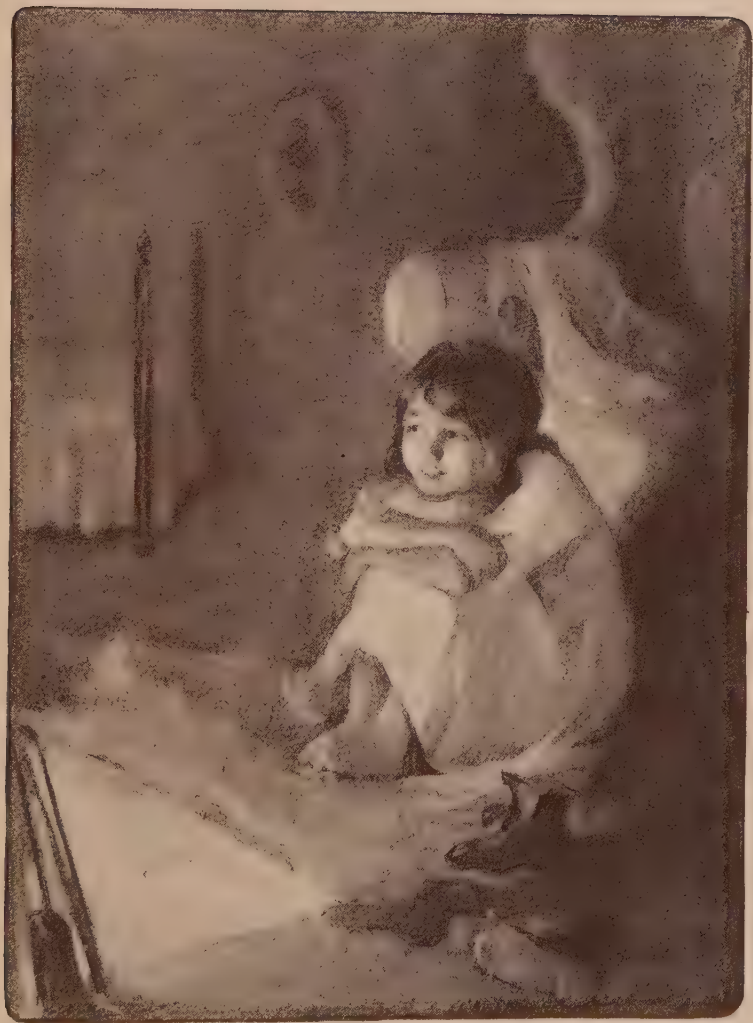
"Indeed I am," said the child. He covered his face with his hands, and as he did so, one of his tears fell to the roadside. The messenger looked, and there, where the tear had been, lay a

THE CHILD AT HOME

wonderful jewel in the road—as clear as a morning dewdrop, and as many sided as a prism.

“I have found the jewel for the king’s crown,” cried the messenger. Oh, it was a wonderful gem and the king put it in his crown and wore it for all the rest of his life—the crystal that lay in the road where a little child’s sorry tear had fallen.

BY THE FIRESIDE



By the Fireside

THE CLOCK

He stands in a corner from morning till night,
A patient old thing with no feet.
His face is as solemn and round as a moon,
And, oh, so exceedingly neat.

From breakfast to supper
Right on through the day,
“Tick tock, tick tock, I’m only the clock,
Tick tock, tick tock,” he’ll say.

His hands are quite tidy and grow on his face.
When I get to be big I shall know
Why one is so short and the other so long,
And one he moves fast and one slow.

From breakfast to supper
Right on through the day,
“Tick tock, tick tock, I’m only the clock,
Tick tock, tick tock,” he’ll say.

STORIES AND RHYMES

At night when I'm sleeping, he just stays awake
To see what the little mice do.
He watches the brownie creep in through the
blind
His little red shoes soaked in dew.

From supper to breakfast,
From night time to day,
"Tick tock, tick tock, I'm only a clock,
Tick tock, tick tock," he'll say.

And when it comes morning, I ask him to tell,
So often, but never a trace
Of the wonderful things which he saw in the
night
Does he show in his sober old face.

From breakfast to supper
From night time to day,
"Tick tock, tick tock, I'm only a clock,
Tick tock, tick tock," he'll say.

GRANDFATHER

Grandpapa sits in his chair in the kitchen,
Grandpapa, dear, and me.
The fire burns red in the stove, I can see it,
Watching from grandpa's knee.

Grandpapa says how he used to hold father,
Same as he holds me now.
Grandmama, dear, was a pretty young lady,
Father, her little boy.

The tea-kettle bubbles and boils so sleepy,
Over the fire there.
Grandfather tells how the Indians scalped him,
That's how he lost his hair.

And, once, when he was a little fellow,
Smaller than even me,
He had a squirrel that lived in his pocket,
Happy as it could be.

STORIES AND RHYMES

Grandpapa says he could whittle a soldier,
Oh, but my eyes wink, so.
Grandpapa's voice sounds way up attic,
Queer, and so soft, and slow.

The fire burns low and the tea-kettle bubbles,
Nodding its copper head.
Grandpapa says that he has to carry me
Way up the stairs to bed.

THE TEA-KETTLE

He simmers and boils and he hisses and steams,
He hums and he sings and he chuckles and
 beams,
Never once stopping to rest or to play,
The old copper tea-kettle bubbles away.

His arm is a handle and no one can tell,
How he sings through his nose so exceedingly
 well.
Not even an eye in his funny old head
Has he, or a hat, but a cover instead.

He never steps down from the fire to play
Except when they wash him, or fill him each
 day,
Yet he chuckles and hums and he smiles and he
 beams,
And the harder he works the more cheerful he
 seems.

STORIES AND RHYMES

He shines in the sun just as if he were gold,
He looks very wise for he's ever so old,
And nobody else is so useful as he,
For the old copper kettle makes grandmama's
tea.

GRANDFATHER'S PENNY

ONCE on a time, when it was so long ago that there were no street cars, and no steam cars, or telephones, or postmen, grandfather was a little, little boy, named John.

He lived in a wee red farmhouse that stood in the middle of some very wide fields, and there were woods all about, and only a cow path to walk in, across the meadows, until you came to the stage road.

In the summer, grandfather used to have just the best time, for he knew the places where the biggest blueberries grew, and he could find the patches of checker berries in the woods, and he knew where the brook ran swiftest to sail his boats, and he could climb the tallest apple tree that ever grew.

But in the winter it was quite different. Then grandfather wore a little cap made of 'coon-skin, and a bright green tippet his mother had knit, and a homespun suit, and a pair of hide boots. **It was** always so very cold in the country when

STORIES AND RHYMES

it was winter—and grandfather had to walk two miles, with his little tin dinner-pail, over the fields to the school house. When school was done, he must hurry home to help with the chores for there were kindlings to split, and the cows to fodder, and paths to dig. At night, he was a tired little John, and he tumbled upstairs to bed in the attic where the ceiling was all hung with strings of dried apples, and the spinning wheel in the corner pointed its longer finger at him, until he pulled the patchwork quilt up high over his cold little nose, and went sound asleep.

One morning, when grandfather woke up and jumped into his clothes and ran down to the kitchen, he found that something dreadful had happened. The fire in the fireplace had gone out over night, and nobody could set it going again for they had no matches in those days and the tinder box was lost. The tea-kettle couldn't boil. There would be no breakfast until the fire burned once more.

"You'll have to take the lantern, John," said great grandmother, "and go to Mr. Stone's for a light. I'm sorry, little lad; pull your cap down tight over your ears."

Grandfather took the big brass lantern and started off in the early morning across the snowy

fields for a light. It was so biting cold that not even the wood rabbits were out, and grandfather's toes ached, and he had to blow on his fingers to keep them from freezing; and it was a mile and a half to Mr. Stone's.

But he lighted his lantern at Mr. Stone's fireplace and carried it home, quite carefully lest the flame should go out, and great-grandmother set the coals burning again to boil the water in the tea-kettle. When the kitchen was warm and breakfast was over, great-grandmother went to the blue china mug on the chimney piece, and took out a big copper penny, as large as a silver dollar.

"This is for you, John," she said, "you had a long walk, this morning. You may buy yourself a peppermint stick."

Oh, how grandfather's eyes danced! Pennies were scarce in the little red farmhouse, and didn't he know just how beautifully red and twisted peppermint sticks looked in the glass jar at the store, and hadn't he wished for one all winter?

So he started out early for school. The store was a long way off the road; with his penny held fast in his little red mitten, just skipping along

STORIES AND RHYMES

and thinking how good the peppermint stick would taste.

The snow was deep and grandfather had to wade through the drifts and climb the fences, and one snow bank was so high that it came up to his waist, but he didn't mind. There was the store at the crossroads and he opened his little red fist to look at the penny, and—where was it? The penny was not there at all, it was quite gone. Grandfather had dropped his penny in the high snow bank!

Poor little grandfather! All the morning, as he sat on his hard bench in school, and said his A B C's and did pot hooks in his writing book, he had to squeeze back his tears. Then when he went home, great grandmother said she was sorry, but there were no more pennies in the blue china mug. She didn't know when he could have another. So grandfather took his shovel and dug deep in the snow bank, but he could not find his penny.

Well, the winter was very long, but one day the blackbirds came back and sang in the south pasture, and the song sparrows twittered in the swamp and the blue flag blossomed, because it was spring. Grandfather laid away his coon-

BY THE FIRESIDE

skin cap, and began to make willow whistles, and he forgot all about his penny.

One morning, he took a basket of eggs to the store to change for sugar and tea, and he went the same way as he had gone that other morning, and he was just as happy, skipping along down the road.

"Here's the place where that big snow bank was," he said, "right in this fence corner, but it's all melted now. Why, here's my penny!"

Yes, there it was, sticking up out of the mud; not bright and shining any more, but a good copper penny—just the same. All winter it had been waiting there for grandfather to take it to the store and buy a peppermint stick.

And this is the true story of how grandfather bought his peppermint stick, after all—and this is the reason that grandfather gives you so many pennies, dear, because he remembers how he was a little boy once, and had only one.

GREAT GRANDMAMA

This is the picture I love the best,
High on the wall in her gray gown drest,
Cheeks like the roses and soft white hair,
Great grandmama, dear, in her high-backed
 chair
Sitting so still by the fire there.

Once on a time, she was only ten,
Wearing a little poke bonnet then,
Romp and singing like me at play;
Great-grandmama, dear, is it hard to stay
Sitting so still in a frame all day?

Every evening I watch a while
Here by the wall for her good-night smile.
Some time, I think, when the fire is low,
Great grandmama, dear, will step down, so slow,
Just while I kiss her, I love her so.

GRANDMOTHER'S RED SLIPPERS

SUCH a very long time ago there lived a little girl with short hair and pantalettes and a funny hoop-skirt and a poke bonnet for Sundays with bunches of roses under the ears, and that little girl was grandmother déar, and her name was Caroline.

Every morning she used to trudge down the road to school with her little calico bag of books over her shoulder, and the books were well covered with calico, too, to keep them clean. It was dark blue calico with white spots like grandmother's dress.

And when grandmother came to the little red farmhouse on the turnpike road where grandfather lived, he would be waiting at the stile, and he always carried her bag for her and shared his lunch with her at noon.

But sometimes grandmother and grandfather did just what you do. They stopped on the way to pick flowers and they were late for school. So one day grandmother's mother said:

"Caroline, if you do not have one tardy mark

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for a whole month, I will buy you a pair of red slippers at Mr. Curtis's store."

Mr. Curtis kept a most wonderful store. There were hams hanging in one part of it, and dress goods on shelves in another part. There were peppermint sticks in glass jars, and you could buy rakes and shovels there, and Mr. Curtis kept the mail, too.

And in the back of the store were the boots and shoes, and, oh, such pretty red kid slippers!

So grandmother was not late for school for a whole month, and then one Saturday she and her mother went to Mr. Curtis's store and they bought a pair of little red slippers with buckles at the toes.

"You may wear them this afternoon, Caroline," said great-grandmother, "and your sprigged challie, too, if you can keep yourself clean."

Oh, yes, grandmother could surely keep clean. She danced all the way home, and then she had her hair combed and put on stiff white petticoats and her sprigged challie, and she went out to sit on the piazza a little while before tea.

You see, grandmother did not live in a red farmhouse as grandfather did. She lived in a big white house with green blinds in the village

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and it had tall white pillars on the piazza, and the village street went right by the gate.

And as grandmother sat there on the piazza steps in her sprigged challie and wearing her new red slippers, a little voice from somewhere inside of her began whispering:

"Caroline, there is going to be a tea party at Miss Susan's tonight. A whole stage full of people will come down the road pretty soon. Nobody will see how pretty you look in your sprigged challie and your new red slippers if you don't go and stand in the gate."

Now, grandmother should never have listened to such a naughty little voice, but she did, and she went and stood in the gate.

Presently there came a far away rumbling and then a nearer rattling of wheels and a great cloud of dust. It was the stage coming down the road full of people and they were all going to the tea party at Miss Susan's.

Now, just in front of the gate was a long trough that some workman had left on the sidewalk very near the road. And the little, naughty voice spoke again to grandmother, and this time it said:

"Caroline, the people in the stage could see you much better if you should go outside the

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gate and walk along the edge of that trough, and be sure to hold up your skirts so the new red slippers will show."

Now grandmother should never have listened this time, but she did. She went outside the gate. The stage was coming nearer and nearer, and she stepped carefully up on the edge of the trough, and she lifted her skirts and began walking up and down like a foolish little peacock, showing its tail feathers.

But the edge of the trough was narrow, and grandmother was so busy watching the stage to see if the people were looking at her that she did not watch her feet.

Just as the stage came up close—splash, grandmother fell into the trough, for she had lost her balance, and the trough was full of wet plaster!

Of course everybody in the stage laughed at such a foolish little girl. Grandmother says she can see the plaster now dripping from her pretty red slippers as the stage driver pulled her out and carried her into the house.

And, of course, the red slippers were spoiled, and grandmother says, although great grandmother bought her another pair, they *never*, *never* seemed like those first ones.

THE JOURNEY

THERE was once a child who decided to take a journey, quite alone, without asking any grown person's leave, or telling anybody where she was going. She had a faithful little dog that always wanted to go wherever she did, but this time the child tied him to the gate-post, and never listened when he barked to go too, for she wished to take the journey quite alone.

She had read in a story-book that somewhere there was a rainbow, and at the end of the rainbow a pot of gold, and she wanted all that pot of gold for herself. So, one morning, she opened the gate and started away alone. The little dog just cried and cried, but the child trudged on, and never once looked back.

After she had walked for an hour, the roads began to look very strange and the fields were not like any that she had ever seen before.

"Do you know the way to the end of the rainbow, and the pot of gold?" she asked of a gay, yellow butterfly.

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"Not I," said the butterfly, as he fluttered away over the clover blossoms.

The child's feet began to hurt her, and she remembered that she had eaten no breakfast, and the sun was very hot.

"Do you know the way to the end of the rainbow and the pot of gold?" she asked of a robin, which sat on a fence singing enough to split his throat.

"Not I," sang the robin, as he flew away.

Then the child sat down in a daisy field, for she had looked behind her and she did not know the way home, and she began to cry.

But as she sat there, so very lonely and unhappy, she heard something behind her. It was a soft patter, patter in the grass, and the child covered her eyes, for she thought that it was going to be a bear.

Nearer and nearer came the footsteps, and just as the child was going to jump up and run away she felt a warm breath on her cheek, and something soft rubbing up against her shoulder. It was her faithful little dog, who had broken his cord and followed her.

Oh, wasn't she glad to see him! And he was so very glad to see her. He ran all around her in the grass, barking and saying: "It is all right,

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little mistress. You just follow me and we will be home by tea time. I know the way."

So the little child went home, very tired with her long journey but quite happy, for she had learned that her good little dog friend was much better to have than any rainbow pot of gold.

THE ADVENTURES OF TIPPY TOES

MR. and Mrs. Squeek Mouse lived behind the northeast rafter with their two children, Squeek junior and Tippy Toes. The northeast corner was the place where the aristocracy lived. Down in the south corner of the attic lived an old gray bat, but he never ventured over to the northeast rafter.

It was a very comfortable house where the mice lived. The parlor was hung with real, true parlor wall paper chewed to look more mouse like. The dining room was done in red flannel got out of a trunk that stood in the attic, and there were little piles of corn and hard cheese in the dining-room for the children to lunch upon. Mr. Squeek Mouse was a very good provider.

The pleasantest room of all, though, was the nursery. It was the warmest room in the house, and papered with scraps of a Mother Goose book. The beds were made of cotton batting with swan's down covering. People leave so

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many things in an attic, and Mrs. Mouse knew good bedding when she saw it.

In the nursery Squeek Mouse, junior, and Tippy Toes slept, and played with their tails, and heard the story of Hickory, Dickory, Dock, and grew up into two as nice little mice as the northeast corner had ever raised.

They were very different from each other. Squeek Mouse, junior, was of a retiring disposition. He would rather sit in the parlor and spin than walk up and down the rafter. He had such a refined taste for cheese that he never ate any except that which was a year old. He could sing songs, and his tail was long and sleek.

Tippy Toes was not such a good little mouse. When she was very young she ran away to the gray bat's house, and he would have eaten her alive if an old rat had not heard Tippy Toes' squeeks and had taken her home to her mother.

Tippy Toes dared, too, to walk out on the northeast rafter in the daytime when the black cat could be heard purring in the sunshine. The teeth and claws of the black cat were very sharp.

"Ah, Tippy Toes," Mrs. Squeek Mouse would say. "Remember your brother."

And then Mrs. Squeek Mouse would call Tippy Toes to her and tell about Nibbles, her

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little brother who went away from the attic one stormy night when the rain was dripping on the roof. He went down stairs to the pantry and he ate pie. On the way home he was caught in a trap, and in the morning he was eaten by the black cat. Then Squeek junior would cry, but Tippy Toes never cried. Tippy Toes was different.

One night when all the attic was sound asleep, Tippy Toes awoke, and she heard the rain upon the roof. It was just that sort of night that Nibbles had run away. Tippy Toes looked at Squeek Junior. He was fast asleep and snoring. Tippy Toes went out and sat on the northeast rafter. She had never been to a pantry. She would go this very night.

So Tippy Toes slid carefully down to the floor. She danced a little in a patch of moonlight, but not very long for she had to hurry. She jumped softly down from the rafter. Then she went softly down the stairs. Could this be a pantry? Surely not.

It was a large room with a little house in the middle, and the house was all light. People were bustling about and talking all at once, and they were people as small as Tippy Toes, for it was the dolls' house.

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"Put on another steak, Dinah," said someone.

"Open the ice cream freezer."

"Here, you tin soldier, answer the doorbell properly, I say!"

"Put the Noah's Ark animals at an extra table. The giraffe has such bad manners that he can't sit with the dolls, and the elephant is too big."

"Hello, you by the door! Why, it is Tippy Toes from the northeast corner of the attic. Set an extra plate for Miss Tippy Toes!"

Before Tippy Toes could tell what was happening, she was let in to the dolls' house, and seated in one of the dolls' chairs, a guest at the china doll's birthday party. Dinah made a fresh cheese pudding just for Tippy Toes, and she had a seat at the right of the china doll herself because she came from the northeast corner. And they all ate, and ate, and ate.

When supper was over they chose partners and, with the rag baby playing the harmonica for music, they had a dance, and Tippy Toes and the china doll led.

But in the midst of the dance, Tippy Toes heard something; a soft patter, patter of feet, and a purring sound. It was the black cat, awakening from her dreams by the smell of the doll's supper. The lights went out.

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"The cat, the cat!" cried all the Noah's Ark animals. In a minute the party was over, and up the stairs ran Tippy Toes with the black cat following close behind—up the stairs to the north-east corner of the attic, and home.

She left the end of her tail in the black cat's mouth, but that was all. Squeek Mouse junior cried and Mrs. Squeek Mouse said: "I told you so." But Tippy Toes did not feel so very badly, after all. Nibbles went to a pantry and ate pie, but Tippy Toes had been to the party in the dolls' house, and she had danced with the china doll!

THE TIDY ANGEL

Whenever the lights in the street shine out,
And candles inside burn low,
When the little brown heads in the nursery beds
Lie deep in a sleepy row,
When coats hang high and the boots are still,
The tidy angel comes down the hill,
Oh, she may journey wherever she will,
May the busy tidy angel.

Her cloak is of dream mist, hung thick with
stars,
She carries a bag of smiles,
For every frown that she finds in town
She opens her bag a while.
And, here, the smudge on the nursery door,
And, there, the toys on the nursery floor—
She finds them all and perhaps some more,
Does the watchful tidy angel.

She fixes the speller. She wipes the slate
Where the sums were set so wrong,
She picks up the blocks and she mends the socks
All night as she glides along.

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It is here, the buttons, and there, the hooks,
And next, the rumpled up picture books.
There is work to do wherever she looks,
Work for the tidy angel.

She stops by the crib of the wrinkly child
 (So naughty he was all day!)
And down from her cloak float the dreams like
 smoke,
 Sweet dreams 'till he's good and gay.
Did ever you see such a wonderful sight?
With smiles, and dream mist, and stars bedight—
The tidy angel who walks at night,
The beautiful tidy angel!

NIGHT

When all of the things which I had for play,
Are laid in the cupboard so far away,
I take off my tired clothes one by one
And fold them quite smooth—for the day is
done.

Oh then is the time to have stories read,
As I lie in my nightgown—cool—in bed,
And out in the garden the dark is deep,
So lilacs and larkspurs may go to sleep.

The red cow will doze in her stall so wide,
The chickens will roost by the old hen's side,
' Oh, the day brought beautiful things to do,
But isn't the evening pleasant, too?

THE GOOD NIGHT SHEEP

If you shut your two eyes and lie ever so quiet,
Counting them soft and slow,
One little, two little, three little sheep,
As down through the field they go;

Four little, five little, six little, seven,
Trotting so gray and small—
One and then two, and then six and then seven,
Jumping across the wall;

Some of them faster, but mostly slower,
Eight little, nine little, ten.
Ten little sheep—and you have to stop
counting—
I think that you go to sleep then.

